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LIFE'S MID-WAY.

Pondering on the years that are not,
Thinking of the years to be,
Standing now betwixt the limits
Of life's sad, tempestuous sea;
With the half of life behind me,
With its purest and its best,
Is it strange that this should blind me
To the coming years—and rest?

Is it strange that, with a longing
And a cry of hungry pain,
I should turn from unknown future
To the joyous past again?
Is it strange that, looking backward,
All my sorrows I forget,
All of happiness remember,
Naught of sadness and regret?

Only that to me they'll come not:
Ne'er again am I to see
Those bright days of happy springtime—
What the summer held for me.
Faded—faded are the daisies;
Dead the roses of my June;
Dying are the flowers of August—
Autumn days will reach me soon.

A Bitter Reckoning.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BY CROOKED PATHS," "BRED IN THE BONE," "CROSS PURPOSES," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

"YOU too have not suffered," she said lightly. "You look better for your change."

"That must be fancy on your part, Miss Mallett, because I always look well. I have not really had a very good time of it."

"I am sorry! How was it? Wasn't the sport good?"

"Excellent!"

Some instinct warned Ethel not to inquire further why his visit had not been a pleasant one. Things did not seem quite as they were before he went away and she felt nervous and uncomfortable. She knew that Captain Pelling would ask her to be his wife if he thought she would accept him.

She knew also that she would never love again as she had loved Jack, and she knew her father would be delighted if she could like this man enough to marry him. But she was perplexed as to what course she ought to pursue, and being undecided, she made every effort to put off the decisive moment.

After the question as to sport, there was an awkward little pause, and Ethel felt her heart quicken with dread. Shaking herself free from this feeling, she turned to her visitor.

"You have not asked why papa is not at home," she remarked, with a determination to avoid personal topics.

"To be sure! It is Saturday! I had forgotten! And why is he not at home?"

"I will show you why;" and she got the telegram and gave it to him.

"How mysterious! Quite like an event in a novel! Has Mr. Mallett any idea as to what it means?"

"Not a bit! I'm expecting him home soon; and then we shall hear all about it."

"In which case I had better be off. It may be private family business, you know."

"I don't think papa would mind your knowing. He looks upon you as a sincere friend."

"That is a real compliment from him."

"It is indeed. You are the only friend he has cultivated within my memory."

Poor Ethel! She had unwittingly brought down an avalanche upon herself.

"You see he has a treasure beyond price in his keeping, and he guards it jealously."

For a moment the drift of his remark did not strike her; she concluded he was alluding to the secret of her father's birth, which she had thought was known only to Lord Summers.

She was surprised that he should know the secret; but she said nothing, and quietly awaited an explanation.

Pelling was slightly disconcerted by her unexpected silence and her inquiring gaze. He felt that he had committed himself in some way, and honestly regretted that he had been so indiscreet. He smoothed out every finger of the glove he held, devoting much attention to the task of removing the creases from the extreme tips. That done, he looked up again, and met her eyes still questioning him; and, though he would have done much to put off the question that might end their friendship, he felt that he had gone too far to return, and therefore went on recklessly.

"Mr. Mallett is well aware that if a man meets you often, he must learn to love you."

He stopped abruptly after this, and noticed the quick flush that overspread her face; then, impelled by an irresistible impulse he continued—

"I know I ought not to say this to you without first speaking to Mr. Mallett; but he has been so kind to me that I have allowed myself to hope he would not object to me as a son-in-law, beyond the one great objection that applies to every one—I should rob him of you. Yet I would not even do that entirely. He should have his own rooms in our home, and he could be with us as often and as long as he liked. I would make you both so happy, if you would let me. I would cherish you so tenderly and take such care of you that an anxious thought should never come near you, and the trouble in your face which I cannot help seeing sometimes should die from sheer inanition."

He paused whilst Ethel sat quite still, her hands pressed closely together in her lap, the flush still burning in her cheek. He yearned to take her into his arms and hold her there; but, reading distress in her burning cheeks and averted eyes, he determined not to press for an answer to-day.

"I'm afraid I've worried and distressed you. I'm very sorry. I won't trouble about it any more just now. Try to think the best you can of what I have said, and let us go on for a time as we have been, good friends."

He rose from his seat and held out his hand to her.

Ethel was touched more than she thought was possible by the unselfishness of his words. He had made no allusion to his own feelings or sufferings, yet she knew the suspense he would undergo if matters were left as they stood then. She resolved to tell him everything, and then let him decide.

"Don't go for a few minutes, please," she besought him nervously. "I have something I ought to tell you."

"Don't tell me anything, if the telling of it will cause you pain," he said eagerly.

"It won't worry me so much to tell you as to have you not know it," she responded with a quick grateful glance.

He sat opposite to her, and patiently, yet anxiously, awaited her words.

"I have loved some one else very dearly," she said slowly and earnestly, at the same time watching the effect of her words.

He looked gravely and pityingly at the pretty flushed face; but there were no signs of surprise as he answered—

"I guessed as much."

"You—guessed?"—with a look of surprise.

"Yes; you must forgive me for having played the spy; but I loved you so dearly from the first moment I saw you that I could not help watching you, and I found it out."

"And still you wish to——"

"Make you my wife?" he finished eagerly. "Most emphatically—yes!"

"Ah, but you don't know——"

"I know that, whoever is to blame for the breaking off of this previous engagement, it is not you; and, in spite of the fact of your having promised in the past to be the wife of another, I am longing to hear you repeat that promise to me. If you can bring yourself to do it, I will try my best to deserve my great happiness by my devotion to you."

Again the thought rose in Ethel's heart—

"If I had only known this man before I knew Jack!"

All she could find to say was—

"How good you are!"

"Nay, I am afraid there is no great goodness in me; but I would try to be all goodness to you. Will you let me try?"

Ethel was anxious to impress upon him that there still lingered a regret in her heart for the past but she knew not how to convey her thoughts. She felt that it would not be honest to accept him without telling him exactly how little she had to give in return for his great love.

"May I try?" he asked again.

Should she confess that she still suffered from the pangs of slighted love? There was a short struggle in her mind between pride and honesty. The latter prevailed, and she rose from her seat and crossed to the fireplace. She held the mantel-board firmly by one hand, and then, regarding him steadily, she said, without a pause or tremor—

"You do not understand what it is I want you to know. It is only very lately that my engagement with some one else was broken off—so lately indeed that I have not yet recovered from it. I wish you to bear this in mind—that I am still sorry about it. At the same time I know you have done me a great honor, for I think you are true and honorable, and I believe that, if I had time to leave this sad memory behind me, I could honestly accept you, and bring not only my gratitude, but my love to our home; as things are just now, I feel it would not be right to say simply I would be your wife without letting you know how it is with me."

Poor Ethel! Her heart was laid bare now, and she trembled violently. Pelling came over to her and took her hands in his.

"My pearl among women!" he exclaimed. "My pure truthful little love!"

Her hands trembled in his firm clasp, as he led her to her father's arm-chair and went down upon his knees, still holding her hands tightly.

"Now listen to me, my darling, and, when I say anything of which you disapprove, stop me. I shall see your father and explain everything to him; I shall claim the privilege of doing what I can to make his life a little brighter and pleasanter in the present. I shall not talk of love to you in any way; but I shall let you see a good deal of me in the one shape or another. I will give you plenty of time to get over your present sorrow, and I shall not look upon you as my affianced in the meantime; but one day, a few months hence, I shall come again, ask the same question that I have asked to-day, and you shall answer me as truthfully as you have done to-day, and then the matter shall be settled one way or the other. Should you find that you cannot think of me in any warmer way than as a friend, I shall pack up my traps and be off on another wild-goose expedition and relieve you permanently of my presence. Is there anything you object to in that programme?"

"Nothing, except that you give everything on the chance only of a return."

"I am content to risk that; I would risk my life to make sure of it; so a few months spent pleasantly and profitably will not be a very great sacrifice. I am going now." He looked at her with something in his eyes she did not understand, and, though he said he was going, he made no move from his place on the rug; then he went on, "When I leave this room, you will say good-bye to Alec Pelling the lover, for some months, and to-morrow, when you come with Mr. Mallett to the Wigwam, you will meet Alec Pelling the friend only." He stopped again for a moment, as if he feared to say what was in his heart; then he added, "As it is to be a long farewell, may I ask one favor—that you will sweeten my life by a kiss from your lips?"

Ethel blushing, made no reply; and the Captain, leaning forward, his face all aglow with feeling, kissed her with a gentle lingering kiss.

"Heaven bless and keep you, my darling!"

With these words ringing in her ears, Ethel watched the Captain as he hastened from the room.

* * * * * *

Mr. Mallett, in evident impatience, walked up and down the confined space between Daws's office-table and the door. Daws had refused to say anything in the absence of the lady for whom he was acting, and whom he expected momentarily.

It was now ten minutes past three, and Mr. Mallett had been in the stuffy little den three-quarters of an hour, and he was getting tired of waiting. Once more he looked at his watch and glanced at the unkempt iron-gray hair of Daws as he leaned over his writing-pad.

The monotonous scratch, scratch of the pen somehow irritated him; it was annoying to see this man go on so tranquilly with his occupation while he was tormented by exciting anticipations. His impatience at last got the better of him.

"I think I must wish you good day. Your client evidently does not mean to keep the appointment, and my time is too precious to be wasted in this way."

As he spoke the door opened behind him; and, turning round, he saw Babette, breathless and flushed, unceremoniously enter the room. He recognized her at once as the maid he had seen at Mallingford Park on the previous day, and he turned a dusky red as the thought that he had been entrapped into some backstair intrigue against his niece, passed through his mind.

"*Mon Dieu!* But I am fortunate to find you here still! I feared you would depart before my arrival."

Mr. Mallett bowed slightly, and waited for her to go on.

"Ah, I see," cried the excited woman—"you are of the Malling family"—he winced—"and you have amusement in your heart that I, a mean domestic, should dare to make an assignation with you! But you will have more amusement when I tell you why I do this." Then, turning to the lawyer, she asked, "You have told nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Good! I am warm with haste," she remarked, as she loosened her heavy mantle of cloth and beads. "Will monsieur not sit?"

"I should prefer not until I know what I am brought here for."

"*Eh bien!*"

She seated herself, and drew an ordinary envelope from the front of her dress.

"Do you know your niece, Miss Malling, very well?"

Mr. Mallett drew himself up proudly.

"I came here to receive information, not to answer questions. If you have brought me here thinking I should help in any scheme against my niece, you are mistaken."

If you have any news to impart which concerns me, I will listen; if not, I will wish you good afternoon."

He took his hat from the table and turned to the door.

"But one moment! I have news to tell you—news that concerns yourself very nearly. What would you do if I were to tell you that this woman who calls herself your niece is no niece at all, that the whole estate is of right yours, that your niece is dead and buried?"

She watched him keenly; but, beyond putting his hand suddenly on the back of a chair near him, he gave no sign of surprise.

"I should say that you labored under a mistake."

"But if I tell you I can show you absolute proofs?"

The clasp of the hand on the chair tightened visibly; but he answered quietly—

"Then I should say 'Show them.'"

The little lawyer, who had remained motionless and attentive until now, moved, and Babette put out her hand towards him.

"Silence then! I am not a fool!" she exclaimed, as if in answer to his unspoken remark. "That is what I am going to do. I am going to show you something that will put you right on to the straight track leading to this woman's downfall and your restoration to what has been yours almost ever since your brother's death—Mallingford Park."

Mr. Mallett drew a deep breath, and then asked laconically—

"And your price?"

Babette felt that there was a gleam in the eyes watching her from behind the table, and she looked at Dawe instinctively. He mistook the look to mean, "You name the price," and he said immediately—

"One year's rent-roll."

"In other words between eleven and twelve thousand pounds?" interrogated Mr. Mallett.

Dawe nodded his head affirmatively.

"The affair, so far as I am concerned is ended."

Babette glared for an instant at the lawyer, and muttered—

"You *cochon*—you vampire!"

Then, turning to Mr. Mallett, she said, in her best manner—

"He is mistaken, monsieur; the price arranged between us was five thousand pounds on the day you take possession."

"To be conferred by deed of gift conditionally beforehand," put in the lawyer.

"Very good. I accept those terms on the understanding that the lady in question is proved to be an utter stranger by blood."

"You will sign the understanding before you see our proof," Dawe said, raising the lid of his desk as he spoke, and producing a ready-prepared document.

Mr. Mallett read it in silence, and then put out his hand for a pen. Dawe stopped him.

"One moment. We must have a disinterested witness to the signature, if you please. Joe Blake, come here!"

The wretched lad Blake sneaked from the outer office into the room, watched Mr. Mallett sign, put his own name to the paper and then shuffled out again.

"Now we can proceed to business," chuckled Dawe. "The next move is yours, Ma'm'selle Lestrange. It is plainly to be seen that the whole thing is distasteful to Mr. Mallett. He is a man of a refinement, and this companionship on an equality with people so immeasurably his inferiors grates most disagreeably on his sense of the fitness of things."

The lawyer's ill-timed attempt at a joke gave Mr. Mallett the opportunity he had been longing for, and he turned upon him almost savagely.

"Be good enough to remember that this is a business interview," he said frigidly, "and reserve your humor for a more fitting occasion."

The small shabby creature shrivelled up at once, and Mr. Mallett, with a show of surface-courtesy, turned to Babette.

"And now, madame, I think the rest of this interview can be carried on between us two; the presence of a third person is unnecessary, as I conclude the proofs spoken of by you are in your possession."

"I must speak this once; and I won't interrupt again," jerked in Dawe. "I am a partner in this affair—I would not have taken it up but on that understanding—and, being a partner, I submit that you have no right to shut me out; therefore I stay."

Mr. Mallett shrugged his shoulders with an expression of utter indifference.

Babette produced the envelope again, and took from it the small photograph of a grave which she had found in her mistress's desk. She drew out a small magnifying-glass from her pocket, and crossed the room to the dirty window.

"Come and look," she said.

Mr. Mallett did as requested, and then looked at her inquiringly.

"Do you not see the name on the tomb?" she asked impatiently, for she was so impressed with the truth of her own belief that she was annoyed when others did not jump so readily to the same conclusion as herself.

Mr. Mallett bent down again in the doubtful light that found its way through the dust-grimed panes, and looked carefully at the photograph.

Dawe and Babette stood by anxiously awaiting his answer.

"I see the name 'Pauline' plainly, and the last letters of the second name —'l-l-i-n-g.' What then?"

"Do not you remember that your niece's name is 'Pauline,' and can you not see that those letters which are blotted out by that mark must be the first two letters of your own name? If it were not for that blot, the name would stand 'Pauline Malling.' Can you not understand that you hold in your hand a photograph of your real niece's grave, and that this woman at Mallingford is nothing but an adventuress?"

"Great Heaven!"

He stood staring first at one, then at the other, and then, in breathless amazement, he looked again at the card in his hand.

Babette felt satisfied as to the success of her *coup*.

"And, if that is not enough—I mean the mere name—there is the date, 'May 18—.' This woman who has been quietly accepted as the late Baronet's heiress first came to life in July of the same year. It is all quite plain."

In a dazed fashion Mr. Mallett passed his hand across his forehead. He could not realize the position in which he stood; he could not grasp what it meant for him—comfort, position, riches, splendor, after twenty years of comparative privation. His head was in a whirl.

"Will you not sit? You look overcome Sir Geoffrey?"

He started on hearing himself addressed by his proper name. Yes, that was just what it meant to him—that he was, or would soon be, Sir Geoffrey Malling of Mallingford Park, instead of a hard-working drawing-master, doing his daily round of instruction at so many shillings a quarter, and thinking himself fortunate if, after settling his bills, he was able to put away a few pounds at the end of each term. He dropped into the chair placed for him by Babette, wondering if he should wake up to find it all a dream. He listened, without however gathering much of her meaning, to the Frenchwoman's voluble explanation.

"We advertised for you day after day in the *Times*, but we could get no answer; and I was in despair when providence sent you down to Mallingford. Mrs. Perkins saw you, and recognized you as you went out, and told me who you were. How I prayed that she was not mistaken! I telegraphed to Mr. Dawe; and he telegraphed to you this morning. I made an absolute necessity of coming to town for some wedding-finery; and so here we are!"

"And now what is to be done? Am I to go down to the Park and turn this woman out with a policeman, or how do you propose to proceed?"

"She must not be interfered with until our proofs are all prepared," replied Mr. Dawe. "My suggestion is that Ma'm'selle Lestrange should give you the address of the man who took that photograph—which, with a rare foresight, she withheld from me; that you cross over to Paris by to-night's boat, and from there make your way as quickly as you can to this place in Spain; that, when there, you get affidavits, or whatever their equivalent may be, from eye-witnesses of your niece's death, also the certificate of her death, and any other evidence that may crop up, and that on your return you place these proofs in my hands; and before a month has passed you will be in possession of Mallingford, and ma'm'selle and I will be fingering that five thousand."

"I have no money to meet the expenses of such a journey."

"I thought of that the minute I received ma'm'selle's telegram, and I raised fifty pounds at a big sacrifice this morning. Sign this bill for seventy-five at three month's, and the fifty is yours."

Mr. Mallett's lip curled with contempt at the shameless extortion.

"You must feel very sure of this game," he remarked, "to be so generous, shall we call it?"

Dawe listened to the innuendo with placid concern.

"Well, I do feel sure of it; and I'll tell you why. Miss Malling called upon me on the very first day our advertisement for your address appeared, and she was in such an awful state of fright about it—for all her smooth words and soft voice—that I saw in a minute she was afraid of you for some reason or other. Putting what I observed to ma'm'selle's theory about that photo, I concluded that we were on the right track—that your niece is dead—dead six years ago—and this woman is nothing but an impostor."

"Oh, yes, it is sure enough!" interposed Babette. "But let us waste no more time. I must get back to my fine madame, and you, Sir Geoffrey will have to say good-bye to the charming young lady your daughter, and make arrangements for your absence. Here is the address of the photographer who took the picture. That ends the arrangements so far as I am concerned at present; the rest remains with you and Monsieur Dawe; he will let me know how you go on in your search. Good afternoon!"

Dawe looked after her in surprise. She had not spoken a word about the need for haste if the marriage was to be prevented; he had been expecting it all through the interview, and she had gone without once introducing the subject. Perhaps she had altered her mind; any way, that part of the business had nothing to do with him. Once more he opened his desk.

"Here is the money, Sir Geoffrey, and here is the bill ready stamped to sign. You will send me an occasional telegram if you come across any news; and if you find another fifty necessary you can have it on the same terms. I wish you a successful search sir, and a speedy return!"

"I shall wire if necessary, not unless; and you may depend upon my earliest possible return."

He put his name to the bill, took up the small roll of notes, tested and counted them, bade the lawyer good day, and left the room without seeing his extended hand.

"As proud as Lucifer!" muttered Dawe, not a bit abashed. "Never mind—it's a case of '£. s. d.' plain and simple between us, and the plainer and simpler the better."

Mr. Mallett reached the noisy bustling street, and looked about him for a cab; time was getting precious, if he meant to start to-night; and he would like to do so if possible—for an intolerable restlessness had come to him, and he felt that he could not spend a moment in peace until he knew everything.

To his surprise, as he looked up and down the long street, Babette glided from the shadow of a doorway and beckoned to him.

"I want to say a dozen words to you that I do not care that little man to hear," she said, as he reached her side. "I have only two minutes to spare, and I was afraid you would not leave in time. If you find out that your niece is dead and that this woman is an impostor soon enough to let me have a telegram to that effect by Wednesday morning, I will not ask you for my half of that five thousand pounds."

Here was another complication.

"Why by Wednesday morning?" asked Mr. Mallett, in surprise.

"Because she is going to marry Mr. Dornton at Bishopsgate Church at eleven o'clock on Wednesday next—all in secret, you know—and I would not only give up the money, but the best years of my life to prevent it!"

"Married to Dornton on Wednesday—the very day after her birthday—at a busy City church! Great heavens, what does it all mean?" asked Mr. Mallett in perplexity.

"It means she is fond of that young man and will marry him in spite of every one, if you do not prevent it. I must fly for my train—do what you can."

He stood a moment looking after her retreating figure, tried to make out what the news meant, then gave it up in despair, and bestowed his thoughts exclusively on the arrangements for his absence.

CHAPTER XII.

SUNDAY at Mallingford Park. The house was full of visitors. Small attics on the top story which had never been slept in since the great doings of thirty-nine years before, when the late Sir Paul came of age, were all occupied now, for, Lord Summers having expressed a wish that Miss Malling's majority should be marked by fitting festivities, that lady had thrown herself heartily into the project. She was so anxious to fill up every hour of the day with occupation of some kind that those who knew her best noticed with silent wonder the restless craving for excitement. True, her manner was as caressingly smooth and her voice as soft and sweet as ever, but there was a constant insatiable desire to be doing something.

It was a close stifling day, and there were a faint white mist on the park-lands and an intense stillness in the air which proved very trying to the majority of Miss Malling's guests after luncheon.

They sauntered out of the reception-rooms by twos and threes, and sought the quiet of their own apartments, until the ground-floor looked quite deserted.

Pauline's health was generally good; but she too felt a breathless languor to-day, and determined to enjoy the afternoon in her own rooms. She removed the gorgeous toilette which had gladdened the eyes of the villagers in church that morning, and replaced it by a light plain cashmere morning-gown.

Babette was dismissed until five o'clock, and Pauline threw herself into a deep low chair by the open window and sighed wearily.

"The last Sunday that I shall be known to the world as Miss Malling," she mused. "Before this time next week Jack and I will be away—miles away—from here, happy in each other's society, and in the certainty that nothing on earth can ever separate us. Most young women would have numberless love-tokens to destroy before their marriage—I have absolutely nothing that I fear my husband's seeing. Circumstances have been against my cultivating lovers as an amusement, and I am spared the farce of destroying the evidence of my past folly."

For a moment her thoughts wandered off to the future that looked so bright to her longing eyes. Presently they went back to her previous train of ideas, and she found herself repeating mechanically, without thinking of their meaning, the words, "the evidences of my past folly."

They shot through her mind again and again, and she was conscious of them even while she was picturing in glowing colors the happiness which was now almost within her grasp.

She roused herself irritably; the reiteration of the phase worried her. She put it from her resolutely; but it was of no use. The obnoxious words repeated themselves persistently—"evidences of my past folly, evidences of my past folly."

She left her chair hastily and began to pace the room.

When she had taken two or three turns up and down, she stopped in front of her desk and looked at it thoughtfully.

"I suppose I may as well destroy it," she said absently. "It can do me no good to keep it, and it might possibly do me harm in the future. That must have been in my mind all the time."

She unlocked the small bronze box on the toilette-table with a key that hung from a fine gold chain round her neck, and took from it a bunch of keys. Then, drawing up a chair to the desk, she unlocked that also, and went slowly through its contents.

She came upon one or two letters that interested her slightly and drew her thought away from her original purpose to search the desk, and it was not until both sides were quite empty that she discovered with a sudden heart-quickening fear the absence of that for which she was searching.

A look of wild despair flashed from her eyes and her breath came in short sharp gasps as she turned to the heap of odds and ends which she had already gone through with a hope that in her absence of mind she might have passed what she sought without noticing it.

Her quick nervous fingers turned over the papers until the pile had once more been thoroughly searched, and then Pauline Malling sank back in her chair with her hand to her head and a look of despair in her eyes.

Horrible thoughts chased each other through her aching brain; and, when five o'clock at last struck, she had arrived at only one definite conclusion, that the person who had possession of the missing article and the one who had advertised for the address of Sir Geoffrey Malling were one and the same.

When she rose and relocked the desk, she was haggard and pale, and she looked at herself wistfully in the glass, and an instinctive prayer went up from her heart that her beauty would not leave her until she was Jack Dornton's wife.

In the midst of all that threatened her—loss of name, wealth and position—it was almost touching to note how this worldly woman counted everything as nothing compared with her love for Jack.

Lord Summers was one of the guests at Mallingford. He was staying "over the seventeenth," and the busy, kindly old man was slightly concerned at the existing state of affairs.

He arrived only on the Saturday evening and he was surprised to find Jack still at the Park. He was keen, in spite of his good nature, and he has seen enough in the twenty-four hours he had been there to arouse his curiosity—even his suspicions. He took an opportunity after dinner to sound Jack.

"And when are my pictures to be completed, Mr. Dornton?" he asked, after beckoning to Jack to bring his chair next to his own as soon as the ladies had left the room.

This very question had been a point of disagreement between Jack and Pauline. He had wished to carry out the commission for those six pictures, and she had urged the unfitness of his earning another penny by his painting after their marriage. So he hesitated a little before he answered—

"Are you anxious to have them soon? I am anticipating a winter in Rome this year, and I should like, if possible, to devote myself while there to a close study of the old masters. But, if you are particular as to time, I will finish your commission before I touch any other work, of course."

"No, I don't think I am exactly in a hurry, if you are not;" and, as his lordship spoke, he thought of the avidity with which Jack had accepted the offer when it was originally made, and his voluntary promise to complete the series by the end of the year. "So you mean to winter in Rome?" he said pleasantly. His lordship was busy with the skin of a filbert; but he raised his eyes and looked straight into Jack's as he asked, "And how does Miss Ethel Mallett like the prospect of so long a separation?"

Jack reddened suddenly, and he hated himself for it.

"I did not know you took enough interest in my private affairs to be led into investigating them," he answered with a decided touch of displeasure in his voice.

"Nor do I. You are mistaken; it is Miss Mallett's affairs I am interested in. I beg you will not credit me with prying into your personal affairs at all. As I have spoken on the matter, and as you seem to resent the liberty—which, believe me, was not intended as such—I must explain how things are. I met an old friend of mine, with his daughter, at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy one day last season. I had known him in years past as an enthusiast in art, and I was delighted to meet so congenial a companion."

Lord Summers paused a moment and looked carefully round the table; seeing everybody occupied in conversation, he went on, in a slightly lowered voice—

"My friend has had many reverses in life which have necessitated his taking the name of 'Mr. Mallett,' and have driven him to earn a living for himself and his family by giving lessons in drawing. I see you begin to understand now"—in answer to Jack's start of surprise. "Well, we went through some of the rooms together, and we came to a picture of yours. Miss Mallett's delight at its position on the line was eloquent of many things. I looked the question I did not care to ask, and Mr. Mallett told me of the engagement between his daughter and you, and expressed his wish that she should remain in the same class of society that she had been brought up in, in answer to my suggestion that she should come to us for a season in town. Now perhaps you will understand my motive in seeking you out, and excuse my seemingly impertinent curiosity."

Jack's feelings at that moment were not enviable. He had always looked upon Lord Summers's commission as a direct proof of his own ability. It was a decided damper to his good opinion of himself to discover that it was due to his patron's interest in Ethel Mallett; and he felt more uncomfortable still as he recalled the

manner in which he had repaid that interest. Still he would not beat about the bush.

"As you do not seem to have been very glad to hear of the engagement, perhaps you will be better pleased to hear that it is at an end."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and I think you should know that Miss Mallett took the initiative in the breaking off."

"I am surprised! I thought she was very fond of you. But there is no accounting for women's actions."

And then Lord Summers turned to his other neighbor and threw himself into a discussion upon the drainage of land, thus tacitly dismissing the other subject; but Jack was conscious that he was not held blameless in the matter--nor indeed did he feel so.

One point in the conversation had roused his curiosity—Lord Summers's remark as to the name of "Mallett" being assumed. He would have liked to pursue the subject; but, as things were, he had no right to feel curious.

Later in the evening Miss Malling and her guardian were chatting confidentially, and the subject of the mysterious advertisements was introduced.

"Have you any notion what they could mean?" he asked.

"No; not the smallest," she answered. "It is very curious Sir Geoffrey never saw them."

"But he may have, without our knowing it."

"True. But don't you think that the motive, whatever it was, must have affected the whole family, and that, if he had been found, we should have been mixed up in it?"

"Possibly, but not necessarily. If I had known where Geoffrey was, I should certainly have insisted upon his sifting the matter. Indeed at one time I thought of investigating it myself; but your uncle was always so touchy about any one's interfering in his affairs that I thought it better to let it alone."

For a moment there was a fixed look of fear on Pauline's face; but Lord Summers was too much taken up with his next subject to notice it.

"Good-looking fellow, Dornton," he remarked carelessly, with a glance to where Jack was carrying on the usual war of words with Bertha Collins.

"Very," Pauline answered somewhat shortly.

"Made quite a long stay with you. Been here since the beginning of July, has he not?"

"I really forget exactly when he did come."

"If one of our own people were to make such an unusually long stay, folks would think you had made up your mind at last. As it is——"

His lordship shrugged his shoulders, but did not finish his sentence.

"Exactly," said Pauline, with sweet indifference.

But, in spite of this apparent indifference Lord Summers felt satisfied that things were in an unsatisfactory state, and he wished fervently that, in his anxiety to benefit the future husband of his old friend's daughter, he had been prompted to do anything rather than send him down to this particular neighborhood.

Sunday evening was rather a quiet time at Mallingford, and the house was wrapped in darkness earlier than usual. But the lamps in Miss Malling's boudoir burned on steadily, for Jack and his fiancee were having their last confidential chat before their marriage.

The next morning Jack was to leave for London, to obtain the special license and see after sundry small matters, and he would not return until late on Tuesday afternoon.

"I suppose we must say good-bye to-night as I shall most likely start before you are down?" Jack said.

"Yes—but not just yet! Don't be in a hurry to leave me, Jack," Pauline answered with a touch of pleading in her voice. She knelt on the thick white rug at his feet, and added, "I would get up to give you a parting salute if I were not afraid that Lord Summers would hear of it!"

"My dear, there is no need," Jack said calmly. "At the same time, I can't understand your dread of Summers. Surely you may do as you choose in so small a matter?"

"I don't think I understand it myself, Jack; yet I feel it. My life is full of dread just now;" and she gave a startled look at the windows as a sudden gust of wind rattled them.

"You are nervous, Pauline," Jack said. "I thought you were above such a womanish ailment as 'nerves.'"

Pauline put up her hand to enforce silence, and a strange look crept into her eyes. The breathless stillness of the day giving way to a spiteful little hurricane, which was shrieking round the corners of the house and rattling at the fastenings of doors and windows, whirling the already numerous dead leaves against the glass, and making itself generally very unpleasant. But, beyond the noises caused by the wind, the house was as still and silent as the tomb.

The last of the visitors had retired to their rooms nearly an hour before, and probably there was not a waking soul in the house except those two, and poor tired Babette, who sat by the fire in her mistress's dressing-room above, pondering the chances in favor of and against Sir Geoffrey's finding the proofs of the real Pauline Malling's death in time to stop this woman's marriage.

Pauline listened intently; but the house itself was silent enough to satisfy even her strained hearing.

"What did you think you heard?" Jack asked, in a whisper, impressed, in spite of himself, by her manner.

"A clashing like the crossing of swords," she slowly answered, in a dull apathetic voice.

"The rattling of the fastenings to the doors," Jack cried laughingly. "I thought by your frightened look you had discovered a family ghost."

"But it was outside this door, Jack—in the corridor."

Jack looked at her curiously.

"What should put such a strange notion into your head," he asked, "when the dropping of a saucepan-lid or an iron window-bar falling would make just the same noise?"

"Our family legend, I suppose," she replied, in the same absent way.

"What is the legend?"

Pauline had determined that Jack should not hear that unhappy story until he was her husband; but to-night, when he asked her the direct question, "What is the legend?" she forgot her previous determination; or perhaps she was prompted by the superstitious fancy that possessed her to divide the burden of her ghostly knowledge; any way, whatever the cause, she gave a direct answer to Jack's question.

"The legend is that—— Put your arm round me Jack! The legend runs that in the time of the troubles between Charles the First and the Parliament there was a Royalist leader hidden in the house of the Mallings—the name was spelt 'M-a-l-l-y-n-g' then. We were noted Royalists in those days, and the head of the house at that time, Master Humbert Mallyng of Mallyng House, had reduced himself to such poverty by his adherence to the King's cause that he and his family could barely keep themselves from starvation. This Humbert had been married twice. He had only one son by his first wife, a proud, haughty, reserved young man, who was about twenty-five at the time of which I am speaking, and who had an intense passion for high play. His name was Paul, and he was generally feared, and disliked by all the tenantry. Besides his eldest son, Master Humbert had a numerous family of small children by his second wife, a pretty woman, many years younger than himself, who was the daughter of one of his own tenant-farmers. Of course Paul hated heartily these younger members of the family, thinking naturally that they diverted a large share of his father's rent-roll from him. Now comes the story. As I said, there was a noted Royalist leader in hiding in Mallyng, and there was a very large reward offered for his betrayal. One night a body of about twenty Parliament men came clattering up to the door and demanded admittance. Master Humbert, feeling quite satisfied as to the safety of the hiding-place where the Royalist was, opened to them at once. Well, they searched the house from cellar to garret, and found nothing; but their information had been so precise that they were not content, and they made up their minds to stay all night and search the house again by daylight. Humbert felt a little anxious, but not really alarmed, when he heard this, for he had perfect confidence in the secret chamber, as no one but himself and his son and heir Paul knew even in what part of the house it was situated; so he told the Parliament men they were welcome to stay but that he could not feast them, as he had barely food enough in the house for his own family. They grumbled, and fell back on the traveling rations in their pouches. Just as the house was being closed for the night, as an evil fate would have it, Paul came rattling up, gained an interview with his father and told him he must have a very large sum of money by next day but one to meet his gambling debts, or he would be a ruined man. Poor old Humbert wrung his hands, and told him with tears in his eyes that he had not the money wherewith to buy food for his children; how then could Paul expect him to provide him with money for such a purpose? Then Paul suggested the betrayal of their guest, and the old man in feeble rage raised his hand and struck him. There was a terrible scene between them, and Paul left with a cruel laugh; but in the morning a messenger came from the village to the leader of the Parliament men, with a piece of paper on which a plan was drawn, and the troopers went straight to the secret chamber and secured their prisoner. Of course you understand that Paul had betrayed him for the reward. The next time the son came to his home he found his father almost an imbecile, his mind shattered by horror at his son's dishonor; but, when Paul went into the room where the old man was, he sprang up, took his sword from where it hung against the wall, and, turning on his son, called on him to defend himself, for that he, Humbert Mallyng, strong of heart, though weak of arm, would by his son's death wipe out this first stain of dishonor on the family name. The old man fell on Paul so furiously, his onslaught was so sudden, that the younger man lost his presence of mind, and, after weakly parrying two or three strokes, he fell with his father's sword through his heart."

Pauline held her breath at this point, and listened again; but, beyond the whistling of the wind and the rustle of the leaves on the terrace, all was silence. Jack shivered involuntarily, and drew her still closer to him as she went on.

"Then, when poor Master Humbert stood over his son's body and realised what he had done, his last ray of reason went from him, and he became a raving, shrieking maniac. His poor young wife locked herself up in one of the garrets with her young children, except the eldest boy, and listened in silent horror to her husband as he went shouting, cursing, and blaspheming through the house. The servants ran away in fear of their lives, and the old man gathered all the inflammable material he could find, heaped it over his son's body, and set fire to it. Every soul of them was burnt to death, nothing but bones were found in the ruins, with the exception of the eldest boy by the second wife, who saved his life by jumping from the window of his room, but broke both his legs. This boy was afterwards the first Baronet, and was called 'bobbled Sir Geoffrey' in consequence of his limp."

"What a chapter of horrors!" exclaimed Jack.

"Yes, it is very dreadful. And now they say that, if a Malling contemplates doing anything that will bring disgrace on the name, those two again go through their ghastly fight for the honor of the house, and can be heard stamping their feet and striking their swords up and down the passages quite plainly."

"Still I don't see why you should imagine you heard them just now," Jack said quietly. "I hope you do not think you are bringing disgrace on the family name by marrying me?"

He waited a little, as if expecting an answer. There was none. He put her from him gently, and looked at her very earnestly.

"Do you think your ancestors have risen from their graves to reveal their indignation at your approaching marriage with a poor painter who is a mere nobody apart from his art? Because, if you really believe that, the belief must in the first place proceed from your own ideas being identical with theirs; and in that case it is not too late even yet to draw back, you know."

As he spoke, there was a flash, almost as of hope, in his eyes.

For an instant Pauline looked at him in silent agony. She had been so absorbed by her own knowledge of the portent's meaning that the view Jack might possibly take of it had never occurred to her. She threw her arms around him, clinging to him wildly, despairingly, while she begged him never, never to speak of leaving her again if he would not see her fall dead at his feet.

It was perhaps ominous that these were the last words of actual conversation that passed between them before they stood side by side at the altar.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CURIOUS BELL LEGENDS.—When Charles VIII. of France was dictating to the Florentine Commissioners the terms under which he would vacate their city, he threatened that, unless his terms were complied with, he would order his trumpets to be sounded.

"Sound you your trumpets, and we will ring our bells," thundered an old Florentine who was one of the deputies. His words were full of menace, and the terrified Charles gave way.

The great bell of Florence, which in its republican days used to call the citizens to battle, was never sounded in vain. Its clamorous tongue told them of their beloved city's danger and every Florentine responded to its appeal.

Strange and fantastic are the stories that have wreathed themselves about bells. A wild German legend tells of a bell that at midnight gave forth sounds like those of a human creature suffering mortal pain. None knew why these awful wailings came from its tongue as that hour struck, until one day a priest was called to the side of a dying man, and a story of long-hidden crime was brought to light.

In broken accents the dying wretch told how, long years ago, he, then an artisan in the employment of the chief bell-founder in the city, had betrayed and murdered a beautiful girl. It was midnight when the deed was done, and a huge bell was to be cast on the following day. Hissing and seething in the mould the molten metal lay, lit up by the lurid glare of the furnace. No human being was near to mark the death shriek of the victim as she was hurled into the fiery liquid, and none knew of the awful crime that attended the birth of the great cathedral bell.

Who has not heard of mysterious bells that toll at midnight and lure the belated traveller to ruined churches where ghostly services are said and ghostly anthems sung; of fairy bells which ring sweetly beneath the hillside, or at the bottom of some glassy stream; of the curfew bell that would not ring at its appointed hour, and so saved the life of an innocent man by giving time for a pardon to arrive? Truth to tell there was nothing supernatural in the latter circumstance, since the damsel to whom the doomed man was betrothed had clung with desperate arms to the clapper, and silenced its tongue.

Quaint and curious were the bellmen of bygone days, ringing their bell at the stroke of each hour of the night, and proclaiming the flight of time to those to whom sleep would not come.

AIR STEAM.—A new motor, a Vienna invention, consists of an air-tight furnace, whose fire is fed by compressed air. Water is injected into the resulting gases of combustion, and the resulting mixture of steam and combustion products — called "air steam"—is led directly into the engine. There is thus presented the fact of machinery without a boiler, and the results of trials made with this arrangement are pronounced in the highest degree satisfactory. The machine, of six normal horse power, developed 12.23 effective horse power, with a consumption of coal of 2.2 pounds per hour for each effective horse power.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE WIND FLOWER.—A flower has been discovered in South America which is visible only when the wind is blowing. The shrub belongs to the cactus family, and is about three feet high, with a crook at the top, giving it the appearance of a black hickory-cane. When the wind blows, a number of beautiful flowers protrude from little lumps on the stalk.

GOLD.—One cubic inch of gold is worth $210; one cubic foot, $312,380, and one cubic yard, $9,796,702 (counting the ounce at $18). At the commencement of the Christian era there were altogether $427,000,000 worth of gold, but at the time of the discovery of America only $57,000,000 remained. At present the value of all the gold in the world is counted $6,000,000,000.

THE PEACOCK.—According to Mohammedan tradition, the peacock opened the wicket of Paradise to admit the Devil; hence doubtless the superstition as to the ill-fortune that must follow the possessors of peacocks' feathers. It is very prevalent in Derbyshire and South Wilts, Eng. Even if one of the feathers of a peafowl is unwittingly admitted into a house, it is believed to bring loss and various disasters, including even illness and death to the inmates.

MATURE SIRENS.—Helen of Troy was over 40 when that famous elopement took place. Ten years after, when the fortunes of war restored her to Menelaus, he received her with love and gratitude. Cleopatra was past 30 when she made the conquest of Antony, and Diane de Poitiers at 36 and for many years afterward was considered the most beautiful woman at the court of Henry II., of France. Ninon de l'Enclos received a declaration of love on her 80th birthday.

WAR ELEPHANTS.—From time immemorial elephants have been employed in war in the east and in Africa, though the Indian kind is more familiar to us in this respect. At first they were equipped with a huge tower, in which fighting-men were carried—a practice of which we are reminded in the sign of the "Elephant and Castle" still in vogue in some inns—and were even trained to use swords with their trunks. In the present day, however, the creatures are found more useful in assisting the transport of artillery in hilly or marshy districts. The "castle" has been replaced by a howdah, from which the soldiers use the modern weapons of war. Military service may, therefore, be regarded as being a good deal easier than it once was—so far, at least, as elephants are concerned.

THE LITTLE BUSY BEE.—"In my observatory hive," says a writer on this subject, "one cell was built against the glass, and that afforded an excellent opportunity of seeing how bees deposit honey in the cell. First, the bee deposited a thin coating of honey upon the base of the cell, making a sort of varnish as it were, to the base of the cell. The next bee that came with honey raised up the lower edge of this film of honey and forced his honey beneath; the next bee did the same, and this film acted as a kind of diaphragm, keeping honey in the cell. When the cell is full enough to be sealed the bees commence contracting the opening with wax until there is only a small hole left in the centre, when they appear to make one little flake of wax and pat it down over the opening. At any time during the process of filling the cell the honey could be withdrawn with a hypodermic syringe, and the 'diaphragm' left hanging in the cell."

SCREWS.—The process of making a screw is very interesting. The rough, large wire in big coils is, by drawing through a hole smaller than itself, made the size needed. Then it goes into a machine that at one moment cuts it a proper length, and makes a head on it. Then it is put into sawdust and "rattled" and thus brightened. Then the head is shaved down smoothly to the proper size and the nick put in at the same time. After "rattling" again in sawdust, the thread is cut by another machine, and after another "rattling," and thorough drying the screws are assorted by hand (the fingers of those who do this move almost literally like lightning), grossed by weight, and packed for shipping. That which renders it possible for machines to do all this is a little thing that resembles and opens and shuts like a goose's bill, which picks up a single screw at a time, carries it where needed, holds it until grasped by something else, and returns for another. It has done its distinctive work at the rate of thirty-one screws a minute.

A FUNNY IDEA.—An English captain relates the following amusing adventure, which happened to him in Newcastle when he was quartered at that place, to Lord Malmesbury, and it is reproduced in that nobleman's reminiscences:—"He (the captain) had a severe attack of small-pox, and was confined to his bed at the hotel. During his illness a young lady, with her carriage and servants, of fashionable appearance, arrived there, intending to stay for one night only; but on hearing that a young officer was dangerously ill in the same house she expressed great interest, and, instead of leaving next morning, she announced her intention of remaining a few days, constantly repeating her inquiries as to the state of the sick man. The captain was extremely touched at her romantic conduct, which he took as a personal compliment; but when recovering, the doctor announcing that he was safe, and the lady being informed of the fact, she ordered her carriage, after telling the waiter that she was 'much disappointed, as her object in stopping was to see a military funeral!'"

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Stern disappointment! you're my friend,
Although you're hard to bear!
I asked for joy, and in its stead
You've brought me near despair.
I sought for pearls of priceless worth,
And, from your cruel store,
You've given me granite from the rock
And pebbles from the shore.

But, heavy as your touch has been,
I've learned to bear its weight,
And, drawing good from something ill,
I've struggled with my fate.
And when the agony had pass'd
Behold, with glad surprise,
That pain, and sorrow, and distress
Where angels in disguise.

I've learned that granite from the rock
And pebbles from the tide,
May be employed for useful ends,
When pearls have been denied.
So, disappointments! do your worst!
And scorning to complain,
I'll stand unconquered and coutess
You've not been sent in vain!

THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. PARDY could not next morning invent any excuse for an unconventional call at Merlswood, but, at as early an hour as he could venture, he rode over.

Miss Glenorris was not at home, Keats gravely informed him; but Mr. Redby would be glad to see him, Keats knew, as one of the grooms had just been ordered to ride to Ashgrove to summon him.

Norman, pondering on this reception, was ushered into the library, where Mr. Redby sat at the table, and Miss Glenorris's agent stood on the rug facing him, with a very perturbed expression on his face. He moved only slightly and silently, in answer to Mr. Pardy's salutation; but Mr. Redby rose and shook hands, beginning to speak at once, as if glad of the diversion his entrance had caused.

"I have come down from town, Mr. Pardy, in consequence of a letter I received this morning, written by Miss Glenorris and posted from here last night by her order. This letter conveys an astounding piece of intelligence. I have just read it to Mr. Johnson; but I will re-read it for your enlightenment. It is not very long, but—very disturbing. Suppose I suggest to you a nip of the late Squire's green Chartreuse—eh? Well, it seems that he really executed, without me, and left behind him a perfectly legal will. As Miss Glenorris's letter informed me where it would be found, it is found; and we have read it. It is an unjust will, sir—your pardon for saying so—for it takes the property from the old line, and severs the family name and family estates. By this absurd little home-made will the Squire left Merlswood and its revenues to you."

"To me!" cried Norman; and the exclamation had a loud ring of honest surprise.

"To you," repeated Mr. Johnson, from his upright position before the empty grate. "You sought such a will yourself, sir, at one time; evidently therefore you believed in its existence."

"I was informed by my father long ago that such a will had been executed," the young man answered, "and I certainly had no just cause to believe it had been destroyed."

"Save your non-success in discovering it," put in Mr. Johnson, rather pointedly.

"That non-success of yours has been rectified by Miss Glenorris," explained the lawyer. "She has surpassed you in power of search. It fell to her—poor child!—to find out how her grandfather's brother had slighted even his own kin; and she——"

"Stop!" cried Norman, with a rather dazed look on his cold refined face. "Let me understand. Do you tell me that Miss Glenorris herself lighted upon a will which robs her of her inheritance, and that she did not——"

"Did not destroy it? Even so. You are naturally surprised, sir," put in Mr. Johnson, with slow irony.

"Where?" asked Mr. Pardy, following his own thought, and not those words.

"I'm about to read the letter to you, as I suggested," returned Mr. Redby weightily; and Norman apologized, aware that there was something rankling in the lawyer's mind, but not quite conscious what it could be.

He sat silent while Mr. Redby read the brief letter Joy had written explaining where the will was to be found, adding that she had given up Merlswood to its real owner.

"I will go and speak to Miss Glenorris," cried Norman, when Mr. Redby had concluded; and a generous glow seemed to spread over his tall white forehead. "I suppose she will not join us here?"

"She has gone away. Did you not follow me?" inquired the lawyer. "I read to you that she was then leaving Merlswood to its real owner."

"Gone?"

"Yes, gone!" ejaculated Mr. Johnson, in a quick cross way. "Why should she stay—in your house, Mr. Pardy?"

"You do not mean, Mr. Redby," cried Norman, ignoring the agent's retort—and now the unwonted light in his cold blue eyes had grown to real excitement—"that she has gone—for good—because of that will?"

"I certainly do," returned Mr. Redby, just as drily as if he had not lately himself been wrought up to a high pitch of excitement by what he had called girlish idiocy.

"But really," observed Norman, such an unwonted sensation as excitement being with him but momentary, "Miss Glenorris must be at once assured that I feel for her and will not be in my own person as strict as that fiend the law, which you so worthily represent, Mr. Redby. Why, just picture how easily she might have destroyed such an insignificant—and to her ugly—piece of paper as this!"

Mr. Johnson's frown would have silenced most men; but, though an uncomfortable flush rose to the very roots of Mr. Pardy's silky hair, he continued his speech unmoved.

"Still more easily might she have left it where it was, and interfered no further."

"Excuse my leaving, Redby," exclaimed the agent hotly; "but I consider such words an insult to Miss Glenorris, and I cannot stay to be even an unwilling listener!"

"Of all men in the world," said Mr. Pardy in his usual gentle tones, and with the smile which kept others beside Mr. Johnson hesitating upon the brink of distrust and dislike, "I am the least likely to say or insinuate a word against Miss Glenorris. I was representing—to her honor—how any one else might have acted. She is, of course, much more to me," he went on, with a modest pride which neither of his listeners could resent, "than to either of you gentlemen—pardon me for asserting this. I shall let her understand at once that all she has resigned is offered now for her acceptance, in the only way an unmarried man can offer it. You have only to tell me where she is."

"I wish I could," returned the lawyer. "This little letter of hers gives no such information. I presume she will send her address to me, as, you see, she asks me to keep for her—if they are really hers, she says—the Glenorris jewels. You are aware, Mr. Pardy, they are heirlooms, and excepted from the wealth the late Mr. Glenorris has showered upon—the son of his old friend. She cannot even turn them into money, you see."

"Great heavens!" cried Norman, rising slowly as he spoke. "Is she really without money?"

"She has her purse, I suppose; but she is not one to draw a cheque after the discovery of this will. She asks me to see that the servants, who have so faithfully—as she puts it—served her, are paid, and begs me or Mr. Johnson to give any testimonial in her name for her maid. She would have liked to make the servants gifts, but has no power, she says. I have seen the men-servants, and was just about to interrogate Miss Glenorris's maid, when you entered, Mr. Pardy. I will do so now, with your permission;" and Mr. Redby rang as he spoke, Mr. Johnson still waiting, his ruddy face stiff and expressionless.

"Rachel Hopkins," began the lawyer, in a business-like manner, when Rachel came in with red and swollen eyelids, "did your mistress take any luggage with her yesterday?"

"Yes, sir; and while I packed I wondered why she chose so much to take when she spoke of no longer absence. She only said she should not return next day, but did not tell me when she should return. I took the idea, sir," Rachel continued, when questioned by Mr. Redby, "that she fancied she might go on from London to join Mrs. Nelson, but that she was not sure. I wondered that I was not allowed to go, because my mistress has never traveled alone. Even when she went to London for a day, she took me and Keats, besides having Miss Klenon with her."

"You must," said the lawyer shrewdly, "have thought that luggage odd when Miss Glenorris professed to be driving to Lockwood."

"Lockwood!" ejaculated Mr. Pardy; and the agent, seeing him start, himself took up the explanation.

"Lockwood Asylum, Mr. Pardy. Eddowes says Miss Glenorris often drove there to see Miss Porch, to whom she was always kind—as you may recollect."

"Oh, yes!" said Norman, apparently at his ease again. "Then did Eddowes leave Miss Glenorris at the asylum?"

"No; he drove her from there to Newton Junction, and then she sent the men and carriage home."

"Then we have to find out by what train she left, and how her luggage was labelled. My own idea is that she has gone to Mrs. Fears-Klenon in London."

"Mrs. Klenon, on my arrival with the news," said Mr. Redby, "telegraphed to her daughter to know if Miss Glenorris was with her; but the answer was a negative."

"I wish it had been sent to Miss Klenon," put in Mr. Johnson.

"Where is Mrs. Klenon?" asked Norman, looking round angrily, as if he fancied she might be hidden in the room.

"She has driven over to Ashgrove to call on Mrs. Pardy," returned the agent, with a cynical little laugh. "She would be the first to say, 'Vive le Roi!'"

"I saw Mrs. Klenon before she left," observed Mr. Redby; "but she could only inform me that often lately she has considered Miss Glenorris eccentric in her behavior. I look for no clue from her. Do you, Rachel?"—drily.

"Mrs. Klenon never understood my mistress, sir, and never tried to," replied Rachel, struggling with a fresh burst of tears. "I told her yesterday morning, after my mistress left, that I fancied it was a sort of good-bye she had given me—and the other servants thought it too, sir, for she said some kind thing to them all—but Mrs. Klenon would not see anything in what my mistress had said to her. She could not understand; it is not in her to, perhaps. Yet somehow I knew, without seeming really to know, that she had said good-bye, even to the animals. And"—with a satisfied sob—"for the first time in her life she looked back at me from the carriage. I told Mrs. Klenon; but she only said Miss Glenorris sometimes forgot that she had not been born to her present position. Oh," impatiently interrupting herself, and repressing another sob, "it was always the same, sir! The night before last my mistress came to her room looking so terribly ill that I went and told Mrs. Klenon, thinking she might be of some use; but she passed it off quite lightly."

"And did Miss Glenorris look ill when she left?" inquired Mr. Pardy, in his gentle considerate way.

"Not exactly, sir. In the morning, when I went in to her early, for I'd been worrying all night, she said, quite like herself, 'Rachel, I believe I must have been delirious.' I could not understand her a bit, sir. Yet I somehow knew I was losing her."

"I see," said Mr. Redby drily. "In the light of this later discovery, you fancy you must have been aware of it then. Thank you, Rachel."

"I shall telegraph to Scotland Yard," declared Mr. Pardy, when the maid had left the room.

"I do not hardly think you will. You have no desire to humiliate Miss Glenorris."

"She shall never know," was the prompt and selfish rejoinder. "If I find she is with none of her own friends, I must make wider inquiries. If I find no one here can assist me, I must put other agency to work. She is but a girl, and cannot be expected to nonplus men who are determined to rescue her."

"Her wish for secrecy is evident, and will respect it of course, Mr. Pardy," observed the agent pointedly.

"I will respect her disinterestedness and courage," asserted the young man, leaning against the window with his back to the light; "but I will cut short the cruel penance she has imposed upon herself. Do you suspect," in a different tone, "that Mrs. Klenon knows more than she professes to know?"

"I am certain she, of all people, does not," affirmed Mr. Johnson, with significance.

"Nor any of the servants?"

"Not one."

"Then I will go first to Newton Station, she is not likely to have been unnoticed there, but I will first ascertain from Eddowes the exact time."

"We have that and other things all memo'd here," observed Mr. Redby rather scornfully. "No train was in or due; but she told the men she should wait, and sent them home at once. The luggage had been taken from here in the buggy, and we are building much on that having been labelled; but you need not hasten, as Mr. Johnson sent a mounted groom off at once to Newton to make these inquiries. You can therefore allow me half an hour's conversation before you follow him. Perhaps that half-hour will save you the long ride," added Mr. Redby, his shrewd eyes noting the young man's uncharacteristic impatience.

As the business interview concerned himself, Norman could not refuse to join in it; but on no side was it a cordial one. Mr. Pardy's intense gratification over his newly-acquired wealth was disturbed by his efforts to complete the plans of pursuit he had already half formed in his mind, and of the success of which he had no doubt.

Mr. Redby was more harassed by this unexpected change of clients and the disarrangement of affairs which had run so smoothly for a year than really anxious about the present welfare of the girl whom he had learned to esteem as well as like, so certain was he that she was with some of her friends, and would very soon write to him.

Mr. Johnson moodily bore his own small share in the discussion, while a strong certainty that Miss Glenorris had gone to none of her old friends, yet a total incapacity for imagining where otherwise she could be, made him ill-humored, as certainly Joy Glenorris had never seen him through all her knowledge of him.

When released by Mr. Redby, Norman Pardy made a further examination of the servants; but it was as futile as the lawyer's and the agent's had been, and he had learned nothing fresh when the groom returned from Newton Station, having succeeded in eliciting the fact that Miss Glenorris's luggage had been labelled "Paddington," that she had taken her ticket for Paddington, and that a porter had seen her into the next up-train.

"As I thought," commented Mr. Pardy. "At Paddington our next clue must be sought."

But he thought it wisest to supplement the groom's inquiries at the junction by his own more keen and subtle ones, and so rode off to Newton Abbot, while Mr. Redby sat down to write some letters necessitated by his determination to stay at Merlswood until the night-train.

It was here that a telegram from Sir Hussay Vickery was forwarded to him that evening from his London chambers.

"News from Merlswood just telegraphed to me from Coombe Castle. Expect me by the next mail, and have latest information for me in town."

"Poor Sir Hussay!" muttered the lawyer, as he tore the thin pink paper into shreds, with a shrewd notion that it would annoy Mr. Pardy to see it in his house. "I daresay he will contrive to reach Dublin from Rosewarn in time for this evening's mail; but, even if so, I shall be two hours at least in advance to him, and he won't certainly look me up at that ridiculously early hour of the morning."

When Mr. Johnson left the great house that seemed so hatefully empty to him, he was so deep in thought that he never noticed what direction he had taken until, having crossed the Green Ride, he came out close to Rose Cottage.

For a few moments he paused at the gate, a new idea having struck him; then he passed it, delighted to encounter Miss Beton in her garden.

"Looking for weeds, Miss Beton?" he cried, as genially as if he had no motive at all in his visit. "No use. There never are any in your garden."

"I wish I found it so," she said, smiling, as she showed him a root of large white bindweed; "though it really is an indignity to call this a weed. How is Miss Glenorris?"

"You saw her yesterday?" he hazarded.

"Yes; but I did not think her looking quite herself. She called in on her way to Lockwood. I wish she did not go there; but it is a mean wish of mine, I fear."

"Does she very often go there, Miss Beton?"

"I fancy no one knows how often, just as no one knows her kindness to others beside that poor mad girl."

"Did she mention to you," asked Mr. Johnson, gazing intently upon the sails of a tiny vessel snow-white against the tall red cliffs, "that she was going on to town afterwards?"

"Was she? No, she did not mention it; but why should she tell me her p'ans? I never could expect it."

"I fancied she might. I hoped she had, Miss Beton," said the agent seriously; and then he told her of Miss Glenorris's departure from Merlswood, and of its cause, while she stood among the brilliant flowerbeds, facing him with an expression pathetically puzzled.

"Gone, alone, secretly!" she cried in little gasps. "Gone, lost all her property, lost it forever, and to him!"

"Resigned it," said the agent, loyally determined to express his own view of the subject. "I should be so grateful, Miss Beton, if I could find out where she is now."

"And does no one know?"

"No one here knows. She seems to have left Merlswood with no intention of returning."

"Yes—yes—I ought to have known, I might have guessed! I remember it all so well now—how she kissed me, and—and more than that."

"Will you tell me," entreated Mr. Johnson, "if you know anything which may further our search for her?"

"But it will not," said the lady. Her eyes were far away upon the sea, where lay "the last and loveliest beams of light."

"I see now that she meant it for farewell. She had been quite cheerful with me, though looking pale and even ill, I thought—quite cheerful. Indeed, if I confess the truth, she had been positively laughing at me because she had found me renovating the seams of a rather worn black silk with a little borax in warm water, and I declared to her it would look like new."

"I do not wonder she laughed," said Mr. Johnson, for he knew, as Joy Glenorris did, how far more willingly Miss Beton would give a ten-pound note for any charitable purpose than forfeit her economy in dress.

"Yes, she laughed at me—and I always liked her laughter," resumed Miss Beton, still with the distant dreamy gaze. "While she was standing there at the open French window, trying to lure me out, the bailiff from the Glen Farm passed the gate, and a good way behind him came that great mastiff of Mr. Lester's. He soberly looked through the bars, remembering his master had sometimes stopped there; and the very moment Miss Glenorris saw him she ran out, and, opening the gate without a sound, she called 'Pasha!' quietly and—I don't know how to say it—eagerly, and in a suppressed frightened way. The dog, in his sedate fashion, walked up to her inside the gate—out of the bailiff's sight if he had looked round, and I saw her suddenly kneel down on the gravel and take his beautiful head in her arms, bending her own upon it, for I was at the window then. Mr. Johnson, when she got up again—hearing the bailiff whistle for the dog—her eyes were sadder than if she had been crying for four-and-twenty hours. I, of course I didn't pretend to have seen anything, but I put Flip out of sight not to remind her. Oh, dear, oh, dear! Why did not I suspect?"

"But she might have meant the farewell to be but a brief one, after all," observed the agent, with an irrepressible smile for Miss Beton's tactics, and betraying none of his own surprise at this little incident. "Let us trust so."

"Oh, no," she said, with a slow shake of her head; "I understand it all now! She has gone. She is well named Joy indeed, for how terribly she will be missed out of our lives!"

"Till she returns," put in Mr. Johnson cheerily.

"What is there to bring her back? Unless——"

"Unless what?" queried the agent anx-

lously, his feigned confidence having now ebbed away.

"I only meant that I believe, if a visit of hers would benefit that mad girl, she would return to Lockwood."

"Thank you, Miss Beton. Even that little hint is worth following."

"And you will let me know if it leads to anything?"

"Indeed I will!"

And, with a sympathetic as well as hearty hand-shake, Mr. Johnson went away, while Miss Beton stood motionless among her flowers, making a plaintive little sound with her tongue against the roof of her mouth.

She could hear the mellow plash of the waves on the shingle, but was not conscious of listening, until suddenly, from the spire of the beautiful church Mr. Glenorris had built in memory of his son, rose the soft gladness of the chimes—that gladness which is the more sweet from its breath of sadness which is not regret.

The message, so sudden and so beautiful, entered the listener's heart, and her eyes filled with tears.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IT was quite early on the day preceding this that Miss Glenorris's carriage rolled through the well-kept grounds of Lockwood, and stopped before the great portico-ed entrance of the asylum.

The hall-porter, with an air of having grown familiar with the task, led Miss Glenorris to the handsome but unhomelike room, where almost immediately Doctor Langworthy joined her. He was a worn-looking man, with a very clever face, which, though composed, was far from cold or callous.

Indeed once or twice Joy had seen it so compassionate, for all its immobility, that she had wondered sorrowfully in how few years a life among the insane would make the physician who felt for them insane too.

She walked beside him to-day, as she had done before, in the wide sunny corridors, which were furnished as rooms and pleasant lounging-places, with flowers in every window, and birds in some, though the flowers bloomed and the birds sang in a confinement which was almost like that of the poor things who so evidently loved them. At the tables, or in the deep window-recesses, or walking fast and noiselessly up and down their carpeted extents, noisy or silent, uneasy or unutterably still, so many sad forms, young and old, were around her.

Now and then Doctor Langworthy quickened his pace a little, feeling his young companion must be distressed by the woeful sights and sounds that met her—even alarmed now and then by the tragic or boisterous appeals made to him, the loud senseless jests uttered for his delectation, the wild eager entreaties urged with hungry eyes, the laughter or sobbing acted for his appreciation.

But each time he controlled himself, and would not let her see that he had attempted to hasten for her sake, because he saw that—far from being apprehensive or timorous—the girl was only troubled and sad through her intense and acute sympathy, and spoke kindly and naturally to several of the poor mad creatures.

Certainly she shrank once or twice when an unexpected burst of wild uproarious laughter was uttered close beside her, and especially once, when, with a piercing shriek, an agile form suddenly sprang up before her, and cried, with wildly-waving arms—

"What brings you here, Lord Melbourne and with Lady Jane? Go away, both of you! Quick, quick! The doctor will find you here and kill you both!"

"Oh, we shall be gone before he comes!" said Doctor Langworthy appeasingly. "He is not due yet."

"Stay a moment, my lord Duke," loftily observed a haggard-looking gray-haired lady, who came majestically towards them; "I will tell the Duchess her fortune."

"Presently, Esther," said the Doctor soothingly, while he signed to Miss Glenorris to walk on. "Think over something delightful to tell her against we come back."

And so they passed on, amid the pitiful restless forms or the melancholy still ones, deafened sometimes by the shrill voices, startled sometimes by the penetrating whispers, yet awed sometimes by the unnatural silence.

At last they came to one large pleasant window-recess, where a nurse, smiling and comely in her high white cap, sat sewing.

"Poor girl, poor girl!" Joy whispered, with pitying eyes.

"Poor girl, indeed!" responded Doctor Langworthy. "And this goes on day after day and night after night. Miriam," he said gently, taking one feverish outstretched hand to bring the girl's raised arm down to her side, "pause now for your next cue. You will hear the bell when the curtain is rung up, and then you can begin to prepare. That, sometimes," he explained to Joy, as he passed on without having received any token of recognition, "keeps her still and listening till the dinner-bell rings."

"What a lovely face she has! And do you say——"

Joy's question was unfinished. It was terrible to her to think that, while she had been so happy, such lives as this were being lived through the long days and nights.

"Miss Glenorris!" said Doctor Langworthy, below his breath; and Joy, understanding the tone, followed his glance.

Jessie Porch was coming up to them, unconscious of their presence, her small, little quietly-clad figure moving slowly and noiselessly from spot to spot, her fingers groping over chairs and tables, pictures, books, and flowers, along the floor, along the wall, in every nook, along every single ledge.

"That," said the physician, noticing Miss Glenorris's troubled expression, as Jessie patiently and feebly tried to raise the edge of the carpet and feel or look beneath it, "is what she always does when she is away from a piano. Hour after hour, day after day, she seeks something—here, where there are no hiding-places."

"Not found yet, Jessie?" he went on aloud, kindly taking the groping hand into his own. "Oh, well, never mind; it will turn up to-morrow! See, here is Miss Glenorris!"

Jessie had turned solemnly to the Doctor; but at his last words she broke from his gentle hold and ran to Miss Glenorris, seeming to see nothing but her face, hungrily devouring it, as it were, with her wide weary eyes, no longer vacant in the old way but in a strange wild manner lighting up the pale small face.

The next moment Joy had put her arms about the girl and kissed her, clasping the hot hands that so needed rest, and glad and grateful to meet the childish expression, because it was so unlike the one she had seen on Agatha's face at Merlawood in that persistent search of hers of which Jessie had so miserably reminded her.

The Doctor moved aside, addressing the attendant; and Jessie, having watched until he seemed to be beyond hearing, whispered, "Come, I will play to you!" drawing Miss Glenorris to a piano a little farther along the corridor, and sitting down at once to play.

Her fingers rushed lightly through a waltz contradicting curiously the wistful childish eyes which were never removed from her listener's face.

Now and then Joy smiled down upon her and now and then nodded approval, which brought a ready flush of delight to the player's cheeks; and now and then she moved the hand that lay gently upon Jessie's shoulder to touch caressingly the lifted head.

So pitiful, so tender was Joy's thought of her that each touch was a real caress; but though the flush came and went as the busy fingers rattled on, the fixity of the gaze never relaxed.

At last the Doctor's voice was heard, rather raised in its tones, and with a startled suddenness the playing ceased. Jessie's head drooped upon her breast, and she sat in utter silence.

"Jessie," whispered Miss Glenorris, understanding the danger-signal, but too wise to mention a parting to the poor caged creature, "I will come again soon, and you will play more to me. You like it?"

"To you, yes!" said Jessie, in the clear intense whisper with which Miss Glenorris was growing almost familiar. "Where are you going now?"

"Out into the garden," faltered Joy, while a new painful sensation made her cheeks burn. Never before this day had Jessie asked her where she would go after leaving those walls, and never before this day would it have been difficult to answer the simple question.

"Where next?"

With a look of cunning Jessie put her right hand within the bosom of her neat dress.

"Where do I always go from here?" asked Miss Glenorris, with unwonted hesitation.

"I don't know, I want to know," returned Jessie, bringing her hand back with something in it. "I wondered last time. I want to be sure. Tell me."

Joy shook her head; but now she could smile almost as readily as if her heart were not beating with this new uncomfortable feeling which certainly was not fear.

"Then write it here, here!" said Jessie, holding out a little Testament in faded red binding. "Write it here; then I shall know!"

Joy took the tiny old book into her hands without betraying her unwillingness to do so, and tried the while to interest Jessie in something else. But the poor girl's one idea was too absorbing.

"Write it!" she repeated, in her acute whisper, her gaze roving wistfully from the book to the pencil she had put into Miss Glenorris's hand.

Joy could resist no longer, and opened the book at the fly-leaf; but it was covered on both sides with close small handwriting; so she turned over the worn discolored leaves, and in the first blank space that she could find she wrote her name, offering the book back to Jessie with a smile.

But the girl kept crafty watch, and she shook her head, refusing to take back the book, and gazing still eagerly at Joy. It was an appealing gaze, Miss Glenorris thought; but the Doctor, who, with the nurse, had been sedulously observant, saw beyond a threatening of the unbridled ferocity for which they had to be always prepared; and he came forward.

"Quick, quick!" whispered Jessie breathlessly. "Write where!"

Joy saw that the time for leaving had come, and, with a great compassion, opened the book again at the same page.

"Yes, Doctor Langworthy, I am ready," she said to him, in her easy natural way, though her heart was beating fast; and then she smiled kindly and soothingly at Jessie, and wrote two words below her name. And after that, when she returned the book, the poor mad girl grasped it eagerly, and put it back within her dress.

"My dear, good-bye, good-bye!" said Joy with a glimpse of the tender motherliness which is born in some women; and, when she turned away with Doctor Langworthy, there were tears in her sad eyes.

"She always has that little Testament about her," the Doctor remarked, as he led Miss Glenorris back. "I daresay you will scarcely credit the fact that not an hour previous to your visit she was quite dangerous."

"She seems so harmless," said Joy, a little resenting his having hastened forward, as if to her rescue.

"Yes, to you. She always has been, and I begin to think she always will be. It cannot be the memory of, but it must be the result of unvarying kindness shown her in a past which, if it lives at all to her, is but a distorted consciousness of some unceasing search, she so indefatigably continues. Yet, Miss Glenorris, I have often known, in my experience among the insane, the very opposite result of kindness. That makes me the more rejoice in this poor girl's thorough appreciation of yours."

"I never was kind. I never did anything for her, indeed," said Joy, with anxious deprecation.

"The only other explanation of it is not a probable one," observed the physician, with a smile, "for I do not see what should give the poor girl any idea of reparation or of atonement."

"I think her life has been all sad," said Joy. And, with this strong compassion in her heart, the Doctor's gaze following the beautiful carriage, and many eager haggard eyes looking enviously after her from behind the barred windows, she went away into a terrible loneliness.

CHAPTER XXX.

IT was in the evening of the day of Miss Glenorris's visit to the Lockwood Asylum that a closed hackney-carriage from Teignmouth, conveying inside one passenger, and on its roof two Imperials labelled for Paddington, drew up before the low stone wall which guarded the precincts of Ravenstor. The driver looked from the closed gate into the grass-grown quadrangle which appeared as if no wheels had ever disturbed it, then upon the tall grim house, and made up his mind that there had been some mistake.

"Oh, no, you have not come to the wrong house!" Miss Glenorris assured him, when he expressed this doubt to her through the window. "But perhaps you had not better try to drive up. Please knock, and I will follow."

The man had to repeat his summons again and again, just as Rachel had to do a year before; but at last the door was partially opened, and one of the hard, brown faces which Joy Glenorris so well remembered peered through the scanty opening.

"How do you do?" Joy asked, hoping her reception might be propitious.

"What is it? What's wanted?" inquired Miss Chick.

"I have come," began Miss Glenorris, in a serious, straightforward way, not at all as if her heart was beating timorously, and then, after an ominous silence, she went on, with a new resolution, "I have come to stay for a little time. Kindly open the door that my luggage may be brought in."

Miss Chick's very amazement caused her to widen the opening in the doorway.

"Come to stay here!" she ejaculated, the small creases deepening round her eyes. "We don't let lodgings."

"Certainly not," said the girl, stepping into the bleak hall; and no one could have guessed how near the tears were. "I should not permit that in my house. But I have come here to stay, because Ravenstor belongs to me. You remember me, I have no doubt, for, after I had been here last October, Mr. Johnson, my agent, told you that I was Joy Glenorris of Merlawood."

"Oh, I remember you," Miss Chick said, darting a warning glance at her sister, who was advancing from the back premises with the evident intention of being at hand to rescue her twin. "I remember. And you've come to stay the night, have you? It's very awkward; but I s'pose——"

"I have come to stay as long as I choose," corrected Joy, with a sudden burst of spirit which kept back her tears. "If you make me comfortable here, you can stay also. If you do not, you must leave the house to me—but Mr. Johnson will manage all that." Laughingly Mr. Johnson had often told Miss Glenorris how the Chicks dreaded any interference from him, and she luckily recollected the fact just at the right moment.

"Is Mr. Johnson there," inquired Miss Chick, peering out with uneasy curiosity.

"No; I came alone to-day," answered Joy, noticing this. "Mr. Johnson will arrive when I summon him here, to arrange anything which does not please me."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Miss Chick grimly, as both sisters stared into the girl's pale face, understanding nothing of the great effort it cost her to seem so calm in her nameless fear and loneliness.

"Bring it in, Brown'ilda! Bring it in! Bring it in! It was stolen fifty years ago' and it's all come back! The straps won't bear it it's such a weight. All real silver! Bring it in! Where's Holly? Where's my boy?"

At the sound of these chuckling tones, Joy turned, and saw old Mr. Chick rubbing his hands gleefully as he watched her luggage being carried from the gateway, and she understood in a moment how in this one year he had outlived the poor abused brain.

"Holly, my dear, they've brought back the plate that was stolen when your mother was born, and just before you died. Bring it in?"

"Go back to the kitchen."

Joy recognized the snarling voice before she saw young Mr Chick approach his father, looking even more forbidding than he had a year before, with his tangled orange-colored locks and his thin, lined, cruel face.

"What's all this about?" he muttered, giving Miss Glenorris the bold yet crafty stare which she had met with such huppy indifference on their first introduction.

"If," she said, steadily it seemed, though only by a supreme effort she could keep her hands and lips from trembling, "you—any of you—object to my occupying rooms belonging to myself, you can find another house to receive you. If not, you may stay here, as I have said, for your father's sake."

There was a little whispering among sisters and brother, while Joy stood waiting in a proud quietness; and the old man, slinking into the background now, followed with dimly exultant eyes every movement of his son. Then Hollebone, after speaking to the man, and learning that he was going straight back to the inn where he had changed horses on his way from Teignmouth, turned to Miss Glenorris, failing in his generous effort to throw a little sprightliness into his hard voice.

"You can stay, I s'pose. But I advise you"—with an evil shrewdness in his leer—"not to make too sure you'll pass for Miss Glenorris after coming here as another girl."

"If your conduct obliges me to summon my lawyer or agent to show you I am Miss Glenorris, I shall let him give you unmistakable proof of the fact by dismissing you all instantly. You will understand then."

This little speech, uttered so fearlessly—for what did they know of the throbbing pulses or the terrible foreboding at her heart?—had a sure though slow effect. Hollebone even assisted to carry the luggage up the unused, uncarpeted stairs, his old father watching each step admiringly, and muttering, in his feeble imbecile way, over the value of the silver. Brunhilda moodily set about lighting a fire in the chamber that had been furnished for Wilfred Glenorris, while Christiana marched rigidly into the room behind Joy.

"All the bedding's kept shook and aired," she observed. "As it's good, we keep up it's worth; but I dare say you'll fidget if it isn't put to the fire. You'll pay of course for fires?"

"Yes," said Joy, absently; but the woman's stony gaze soon made her recall her deficiency of comprehension. "I shall pay for all I have which is not my own—as the rooms are."

"It's better to know," muttered Brunhilda, on her knees before the grate.

"Oh, yes, it's better to know," assented Miss Glenorris.

"You'll like a fire somewhere else, I s'pose, as we shall want this for the bedding," continued Brunhilda, without pausing in her occupation. "The next room's a sitting room. Will you have it there, or in the dining-room down stairs?"

"Up-stairs, thank you, !" said Joy, mechanically, as she took off her travelling things. "It must be dinner-time."

"Dinner time!" almost shrieked Miss Chick. "Why, the dinner time of all sensible people's six hours past!"

"Then," said the girl indifferently, "I will have tea. I'm too tired to care what I have but tea will be refreshing."

"Have you brought tea?" inquired Miss Chick, pausing before she left the room.

"I never thought of it. But"—as again her listener's grim stare enlightened her—"I have said I will pay you for all you provide me."

"And you mean it?" Christiana began suspiciously, but thought it best not to repeat the question when it won no reply.

Just as the fire began to burn in the unhomelike sitting-room, Miss Chick entered noisily, set down upon the bare polished table a huge tea-tray with one cup isolated on its bleak expanse.

"Surely," said the girl gently, who had been accustomed to respectful noiseless servitude, "there are table-covers, cloths—something of that sort in the house? Never mind," she added, as Miss Chick raised herself and stood staring at her from the opposite side of the great round table; "Mr. Johnson will know. He has an inventory, he has told me."

"I dare say there are things about—locked up—that aren't ours," observed Miss Chick, her tone revealing a little uneasiness. "We never touch them."

"Of course not," assented Joy. "To-morrow you will find things for me, I have no doubt."

"You can't expect us to wait on you for nothing."

"I certainly do not. The expectation of receiving benefits for nothing I leave to you; but we will arrange all that to-morrow."

"Very well," said Miss Chick brusquely. "Tea's ready."

But, in spite of her young appetite and the spirit with which she tried to bring to her surroundings, Joy could not eat. She could only very indifferently sip the beverage which would have tasted unfamiliar to her even from her own dainty porcelain, but afforded a new experience to her in the large thick cup they brought her. She was still courageously defying the threatening tears, when the door of her room was cautiously opened from without, and old Mr. Chick, on tip-toe, his breathing suppressed as if he dreaded its leading to pursuit, one brown hard finger on his shrunken lips, crept warily up to Miss Glenorris.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAD dogs become so numerous in some parts of Alabama that schools in one county were obliged to suspend lately, as it was considered dangerous to have the pupils abroad.

TRIED AND TRUE.

BY RITA.

Friendship, how lovely its meaning,
To all how dear,
Who by its sacred ties are bound,
Its love and light encircled round,
And who in care and strife have found
Its comfort near.

Friendship, how lovely its meaning
To all who through
Long years of mingled joy and pain,
Shadow and sunshine, cloud and rain,
Its vows have kept, and aye remain
Friends tried and true.

Friendship, how lovely its meaning
To all grown old,
Whose years on earth are waning fast,
Whose hearts through fire of pain have passed,
To them its warmth shall ever last,
And ne'er grow cold!

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER LII—(CONTINUED.)

THREE to one were terrible odds, but he had made up his mind for it, and he was waiting his chance. He had conceived the idea of putting his captors off their guard, and that took time—a patient expenditure of time. They were half-starving him, and they should think he had grown so weak that they might become careless.

To carry this out, he assumed a listless air, and submitted to the pinioning and unfastening with a supreme indifference, suppressing the tingling vigor in his nerves, and the moment he was freed seating himself upon the edge of the bed or the nearest chair till his gaolers were out of hearing.

Of late, too, he had to suffer another deprivation; Jane did not come to tidy up his room, everything being done by John Pannell in a deft, sailor-like fashion.

The monotony of the existence became horrible, but, buoyed up by first one hope and then another, Range held out. Now he would watch the wall, the brickfield, and listened to the trains. Every sound of wheels faintly heard from the road had its interest, and the trains were to him as a kind of a clock by which he measured his day, for, save when the wind was in one direction, he never knew the time.

He seemed so weak now that he was in hopes his captors would grow careless, and that some morning, armed with the stout cudgel formed by the chair leg, he might seize the opportunity when the way was opened, strike a few blows right and left, and dash through the door, close it after him, and escape.

But time went on and the opportunity did not come, though the cudgel lay at the foot of the bed morning after morning, just covered by the quilt and ready to his hand.

He had no common men to deal with. They were as alert as the sparrows upon his sill. For he had tried scores of times to capture the Captain or Uncle Wash, but they were too watchful, and his efforts only made them wild, though they came to be fed as usual after a day or two's scare.

One of his gaolers was always on the watch, and they were as careful now as they were on the first day. The golden prize was in their hands, and they did not want to let it slip through. That was evident, and Range had to take into consideration that an attempt which did not result in success would only make his position much worse.

"They'll drive me mad!" he said one morning, after pacing the room in a terrible state of excitement. "I can feel that they are doing it; and, once they get my mind astray, curse them! they will be able to do what they please.

"Yes, that's it!" he said, excitedly, and with the veins in his temples swelling; "that's their plan. But it is too horrible to think of—too horrible—too horrible!"

He shuddered and covered his face with his hands, to keep them there for some little time; and when at last he lowered them he looked round with a curiously furtive look, and ended by crossing to where he could gaze at himself in the glass.

He turned away shivering, and paced the room again, till it was as if he would, like some caged animal, wear a track in the boards.

"It would be too horrible!" he cried at last, with a burst of fury; "better that I should make them suffer. Yes, why not? It would be in self-defence, and they have driven me to it. This is getting to be more than I can bear."

At that moment the familiar sound of shooting bolts fell upon his ear, and he stood listening for awhile.

Then, as if satisfied that the time had come, he snatched the stout cudgel from where it was hidden and stepped behind the door, ready for the first enemy who should come, and to relieve the horrible tension of his mind by making a bold dash for liberty.

CHAPTER LIII.

"I WISH SHE WERE DEAD!"

SAM BURTON was wrong, or partly wrong. There was humanity in the act but Alice Fanshaw did sit and watch by his side during his illness in her horror lest others should hear his ravings; for he did rave in his delirium of Carleigh and his firing at him, and of the murder in the wood.

As the watcher sat by his side in the long hours of the night, she shivered as he raved about the spade and the dead man buried there.

"It is part of my punishment," she said. "Oh, how bitterly I am paying for my folly! Will this misery never end?"

She laid her hand upon the sick man's brow, and for a time it calmed him; but soon he began to mutter wildly again, and his nurse shuddered as she thought of what she had drawn upon herself.

Carleigh was beginning to hate her, she could see that, and once she shivered as she thought—

"He tried to kill this man to hide his crime; will he try to slay me?

"Well, let him," she said, wearily. "What have I to live for now? But he must know first I could not rest if I bore that secret to my grave."

It was a terrible time, that watching by Burton's bed, for all the past came up as it had come to her before, and she shuddered again as she thought of how Carleigh had obtained increased leave of absence on the plea of ill-health.

"It is because he dare not leave," she said. "He will be watching me still."

"At last," said Carleigh, one morning. "After months of waiting, you have at length given me this opportunity. No, no, don't speak! Hear me. There, you have nothing to fear. We are within sight of the house; neither my touch will pollute you nor scandal have anything to say."

"What do you wish to say to me?" said Lady Fanshaw, coldly.

"That I have been patient and forbearing. I left my regiment that I might be near you, and now I am going to ask you for my reward."

He felt half startled as he saw the strange look she gave him, and now that they were alone together, and the forced smile she always wore was gone, she looked almost ghastly; and he felt chilled.

"Why have you not left this place?" she said.

"Do you ask me that?"

"You remember my threat?"

"Perfectly. I valued it at its true worth."

"You have kept to the rule I laid down at the time, but now you have broken it."

"Pooh, Alice! don't let's talk in this high-faluting way. Come, why not accept the inevitable? It is fate. Why fight against it so?"

"You have ceased to persecute Judith. Till now you have ceased to persecute me. I am glad you have spoken."

"You are!" he exclaimed, but with the old eagerness dulled, and he half wondered at himself, he felt so little pleasure at her words.

"Yes; I am glad you have spoken. I can bear this life no longer."

"My darling!" he whispered; "and you will flee from it; you will take shelter from these storms, and in a life of joy seek for rest and happiness and recompense for the slavery and misery we have endured?"

She did not seem to hear his low, earnest words, but went on speaking in a thoughtful, dreamy way.

"I had hoped that you would have gone first."

"So as to quiet suspicion; and you would have joined me?" he whispered.

"All these weary months," she continued as she sat upon a garden chair, bent forward, gazing straight before her, with one hand resting upon her knee as she passed the other mechanically over it to and fro. "At times it has seemed too hard to bear, too hard to bear."

Carleigh looked wonderingly at her thin face, and the wild look in her eyes, fixed apparently upon where the brothers were seated and Judith was reading.

"It has been hard, maddening," whispered Carleigh. "That was a terrible shock, Alice: but it is our secret, we can keep it. It was not what people would call it. He fell in fair fight."

"When I look at her," continued the wretched woman, "I feel as if I had blighted her young life. When I think of him, I seem to see him pointing at me and calling me murderess. Night after night that scene in the wood repeats itself; and lastly comes the horror of your last act. I never see that poor fellow, so thin and wasted, struggling back from death, but his eyes tell me that he knows all."

"Are you mad, Alice?" he said, in an angry whisper. "You do not think I tried to shoot Burton?"

"To hide our guilty secret, yes," he said, calmly.

"Oh! this is folly," he whispered. "Come be a woman. Let us go back to what we were saying, and not talk of that miserable accident. You said you could bear this life no longer."

"Yes," she said, with a hoarse sigh. "I can bear this life no longer. I cannot let him take me to his breast, kind, generous, and loving; always deceiving him about the cause. It is horrible. My life is one long lie."

"Then end it," he whispered.

"I have often thought I must," she said. "There is the river, but it would be the death of the impenitent and coward."

"You mad woman!" he whispered, angrily. "I said end it with the beginning of another of real love, real passion. Alice, I love you more than ever; say but the word and we will leave this life of misery for one of joy in some sunny land."

"You mistake me, George Carleigh. I warned you before with threats. Months of misery and despair have changed me terribly. I now warn you with prayers, for I would not have you suffer as I have done."

"Threats, prayers, they are the same to me. Come with me, Alice, to-night, my darling! You will hear me at last."

"I say again," she continued, in the same low, monotonous voice, "you mistake me. I can bear this life no longer. I give you time to escape the punishment of your crime, to escape from him, my husband, lest he, in his just anger, should lay the man he believed in dead at his feet."

"What do you mean?" he gasped.

"I have prayed for strength and guidance month after month," she said, still passing her hands one over another upon her knee, and staring before her with the same fixed look, "and the same thought always comes to me. It is my duty: the only reparation I can make. I must tell him all."

"Alice, you are mad!"

"Yes," she said, hoarsely; "I am mad. Can you be surprised? Is it not enough? For myself I wonder that I can sit here, or day by day at the table, and talk and smile as if there were no crushing load upon my brain. Yes, at times I am mad, and the only relief I can find is in the hope that rest may come when I have told him all."

"I say you are raving mad!" he panted.

"Yes," she said; "mad; and rest will come when I have told him all. He will forgive me, or he will kill me! I shall have expiated my fault by confessing it to him, and it will bring rest."

She said these last words very slowly, and with the strange far-off look in her eyes intensified.

Carleigh thrust back his chair, and sat gazing at her for a few moments in utter silence.

"You will certainly tell your husband all?" he said.

"Yes—everything! I must."

She still kept passing her right hand over her wedding-ring and back, but all fixed and unchanging, as she stared straight away.

Carleigh essayed to speak, but for a few moments no words came.

Then passing his tongue hastily over his dry lips, he said, harshly:

"You say you are mad?"

"Yes—mad!"

"Then who will believe you?"

"He will—my husband."

"In preference to me, the man he has loved as a son from boyhood?"

"And you dare say that to me!" she said, slowly. "You talk of his fatherly love—you, the man who would have dishonored him!"

"I tell you I shall deny it. You have been ill now for months, and Sir Harry will see that these are a sick woman's hysterical ravings."

"He will believe me," she reiterated.

"He will not, in the face of my solemn oath."

"Then the dead will speak from his grave when they search it—there, where you buried him that night in the solemn woods; where, hour by hour, the streams run whispering to the rustling reed and nodding fern the word 'murder'! George Carleigh, flee for your life while there is time, lest you fall by his avenging hand!"

He sank back in his seat as Lady Fanshaw rose slowly from her chair and walked deliberately across the lawn to where the group were in the sunshine of the soft, warm day.

"She cannot—she dare not; no, she will not tell him now!" panted Carleigh, as he saw Alice go straight up and stand with her hand resting upon her husband's shoulder.

He saw Sir Harry take her hand, and then in imagination, he saw them alone, with her kneeling at his feet, confessing the whole of the shameful story. He saw, too, Sir Harry, in his rage, Sir Harry, so calm and quiet, who could be—as he recalled the scene with the dog—so firm and strong of will.

Carleigh shivered.

"He would shoot me like a dog!" he muttered. "I must go. My life will not be safe here."

"Curse her thin frightened face! She recoils from me every time we meet!" he muttered through his teeth. "She hates me as much as I hate her now. I wish I had never seen her. If she were not afraid of me, she'd tell all—everything. What a dunce I have been! What an idiot!"

He sat back, biting his nails.

"I wish she were dead!"

He started as the thought came, and a strange look passed over his countenance when it was not twitched by the nervous affection that troubled him in moments of excitement.

"Yes," he said, softly; "self-preservation is the first law of nature. That might do!"

CHAPTER LIV.

CUTTING THE LION'S CLAWS.

A FALSE alarm! Range stood listening, his staff grasped in his hand, ready to strike; but the opportunity did not come: the door was not opened; and after waiting patiently, and growing calm as he did so, he hid his cudgel and threw himself upon the bed with a weary sigh.

Hunger and weakness were telling upon him now, and so painful were the pangs he suffered that he was ready to chew pieces of his sponge and cast longing eyes upon the soap.

The sleeplessness was one of his greatest troubles, for he would lie for hours every night, suffering the painful, gnawing hunger; and, as is the case in such seasons of enforced abstinence, when he did fall asleep he was always dreaming of walking in glorious gardens where bright fruits of gold and purple hung temptingly down. At other times he would be revelling at some great banquet where the tables were spread with every luxury, and on these occasions he was always seated beside the woman of his love, and Judith Nesbitt was pressing him to eat. Then came the waking, and the strain upon mind and body was terrible.

He knew that his health was giving way, and that his habit of constantly talking to himself was a bad sign, so he determined, and forced himself to be content with thinking.

"Talking aloud is the first step towards craziness," he reasoned; and so he thought of his future and his plans, instead of talking aloud.

Then, as a cheerful subject, his mind began to run upon the various prisoners again—the men of whom he had read, their sufferings, and how some of the Bastile people had been released at last quite mad.

"Talking aloud is a sign of madness," he said; "and some day I've got to prove that I am perfectly sane.

"I want exercise—that's it: something besides amusement—something that will tire me out. What shall I do?"

It took some little thinking, and he decided to see how many miles he could walk a day by drawing the bed forward so that he could walk round and round the room.

He made his calculations. The room was about twenty feet square, and, allowing for distance from the wall, furniture, and turns, he reckoned that one turn round was about twenty yards—five turns, a hundred—seventeen to eighteen hundred, a mile.

That was capital exercise for a time, but wearisome, and terribly like the work of the horses in the clay mills in the great brickfields.

He tried running, but it was difficult; still, he managed it a little, keeping on till the perspiration streamed down, and he soon began to glory in the success of his experiments, for sleep came at once to the wearied frame: his head felt clearer; and above all, despondency, prone to attack him, came less often.

But it was horribly monotonous, and he was ready to throw it up to give way to the longing for sitting moody and idle in his chair, or lying on his bed. But he beat down the desire.

"They want to drive me melancholy mad but they shall not. Exercise brings hope, and keeps me healthy and strong. I shall want my strength some day."

So he strode on, or ran round and round the room barefooted, so as to make no noise always keeping an eye, when he could, upon the window, so that he might not be seen from the garden.

Then he took up another form of exercise, strengthening the muscles of his arms by holding out chairs at arm's length, balancing them upon his palm.

Then trying two at once. Another time he gathered himself together to bound over bed or chairs, put himself into attitudes as a wrestler might, and performed tests that he laughed over as he did them, bending down gymnastically, and poising himself on his hands and one leg, or on hands and the tips of his toes.

"If anyone could see me," he said to himself, "he would thoroughly believe I was mad."

This was said merrily as he stopped, panting, after running round the room on all-fours like an animal, and, leaping over a chair, laid prostrate on the floor.

Another time he would practice crawling on his chest, after the fashion in which he had seen the Indians creep on some unfortunate's trail.

This was splendid exercise, and it set him as well thinking about the escape Uncle Wash and he had in Colorado.

That too was good, for the thought of Uncle Wash, was now his great hope.

"Once get the year past, and the old boy will be over. I'm missing, and he'll lay himself out to find me; and he will—alive or dead."

This was a gloomy idea, this last, and Range felt depressed, but he brightened up directly.

"If they've killed me, he'll about kill them for it," he thought.

"But they won't kill me," he said, with a laugh that was hopeful; for until he had taken to this exercise he had not smiled for a couple of months. "They will not kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. They'll only try all they can—feeding and starving—to make me lay."

Of late he had seemed so weak and helpless that for many nights he had not been strapped down—though his gaolers were very erratic in that: and he had carried on the ruse so well, seeming inert and wretched in their presence, and flaccid of muscle when he was touched, that one day they showed themselves really off their guard, and the next morning Range set apart for his first attempt.

His plan was very simple: to be found seated at the foot of his bed when his breakfast was brought; to let them pass him, and then, at the first opportunity, seize his bludgeon, strike down whoever opposed, dash through the door, fasten them in, and get away.

He felt sure of finding clothes in the hall, enough for his purpose, and if Sarah Pannell opposed him, well, he could easily master her.

He knew that the poor living had told upon him, but not so much as might have been supposed, the exercise he had of late taken, with his window open, having been wonderfully restorative.

"I must be well up to the mark," he said to himself, his eyes sparkling with excitement at the idea of the coming fray; and, about an hour after he had been left alone, he started up and began to exercise his muscles, walking, running, silently swinging chairs, leaping the bedstead to and fro with the lightness and activity of some fe-

line creature; and as the gentle perspiration came from his pores his brain grew clear, and he smiled.

"Nothing like very light feelings and plenty of exercise to make a man strong and well," he said, giving his arms a windmill-like swing, and then throwing himself into a series of postures that would have delighted a sculptor.

For he had hit upon the right way to give himself healthy sleep and combat the morbid growth that would have been his ruin.

"There!" he said at last as he gave himself a final stretch. "I think that will do for to-day. I must——"

He paused, with the color flushing to his temples, as he suddenly found himself confronting the sneering face of Mewburn at the open panel, that worthy having been calmly watching him through a crack for the best quarter of an hour.

The door was opened and the fellow entered, followed by Sheldrake and Pannell.

"No, you don't!" exclaimed Mewburn, making a pounce at the foot of the bed. "Hold him, Jack! That's better! Now what do you think of your invalid? I was starving him to death, was I? Pretty pair of managers you are! If it hadn't been for me, one of us would have had his skull fractured. Nice tool that for a sick man!"

He held out the stout chair-leg as Pannell secured Range, the struggle he had made for his weapon being of short duration, Sheldrake having seized one arm, Pannell the other.

"Had too much strait-waistcoat, hasn't he, Jack Pannell, eh?"

"Drop that!" said Sheldrake, sternly.

"Well, then, my dear Mr. Frank Range, I think in the future you had better take my advice—the advice of me, Doctor Parkins—and let me reduce our patient as I please. If you'd done as I wished and you and brother John there had not been always putting in his sick foolery, the man would have been well by now. There, put on that thing again."

"No!" said Pannell, stoutly. "He's had enough of that. Let the poor beggar alone."

"What! are you going to back out?" cried Mewburn, fiercely.

"Did you ever know me back out when I said I'd join you?" cried Pannell. "There loose him, Shell. Here, you Range, it's of no good to show fight; we're too many for you, and you'll only get hurt. You'd better give in."

He loosed his hold and gave Range a thrust forward, Sheldrake making no opposition.

"Ah, well! if it's coming to this—" began Mewburn, angrily.

"That will do, doctor; there is no occasion to quarrel. You don't want to lose your fees any more than you want to lose your patient. Jack, my dear brother, you have been a little too sympathetic. We must give the doctor his own way.

"Mighty ingenious," continued Sheldrake, examining the bludgeon, and then taking up the chair in the corner to which it belonged. "This would not have happened if the room had been cleaned and examined as usual."

He gave the chair a stamp, and it fell to pieces.

"I suppose," continued Sheldrake, "your dear wife, Jack, was afraid that our dear brother's heart might be susceptible to the charms of our sweet maid. She must resume her duties all the same. Doctor, you must make your medicine a little stronger; your patient's body is gaining vigor at the expense of his brain, or he would never have conceived such an insane notion as to meditate an attack upon his friends, so as to expose himself downstairs to being hunted by a couple of very ferocious dogs. Besides which, you remember the notice we gave at the police station in case of an escape."

Range set his teeth.

"Ah! my dear brother," continued Sheldrake, "you don't know what pains we have taken to ensure your restoration to health. The moment your plethora—as Doctor Parkins here calls it—is relieved, you will be a recovered man. Come along now, and let the girl tidy this room after breakfast to-morrow."

"A failure!" said Range, as soon as he was alone, Pannell leaving last with the wrecked chair. "Never mind: success is built on failures; but are they going to starve me more?"

CHAPTER LV.

A NEW VERSION OF POPE.

I THOUGHT you had gone, Jane," said Range, as soon as he was alone with the maid next morning, after submitting patiently to the pinioning that followed a miserably meagre meal, and a laughing remark from Sheldrake that a good tight strap across the waist was a capital thing to fall back on when your breakfast was light.

"Gone? No," said the girl, bustling about and working hard; "but don't you talk so loud. My poor 'art's been nigh broke about you. It's been 'orrid! I thought they was going to starve you to death, and that I was never going to see you no more, and just, too, when you'd axed me for a lock o' my hair."

Range's eyes dilated a little at this, and he noted a certain smartness in the girl that had not existed before.

Her hair was bright and neat, and, though her hands were horribly chapped and dirty her face was shiny and clean; so was her cotton dress, which was tightly drawn in at the waist, as if the wearer were trying to achieve something in the nature of a figure.

"Have you got it still?" said Jane, giving a tremendous sweep with her broom, as if she were an agricultural laborer mowing dust.

"Got what?"

"That lock of my hair."

"Yes; I have it," said Range, coldly, as he recalled the folly of his experiment. "Do you want it back?"

"Why, of course not!" said Jane making the table scroop loudly as she dragged it over the bare boards. "Why, I do declare, yours is getting quite long!"

"What, my hair?"

"Yes, 'most half an inch, that it is; and your beard too; but t'ie barber, Mr. Gentles, is coming again to-day."

"The deuce he is!"

"Yes; I heard Mr. Frank tell the butcher to ask him to call. He wants to look at you."

"Who does?"

"The butcher. I told him if he climbed up the wall he could see you any day."

"You told him that?" said Range, with a throb of the heart.

"Yes. You arn't offended, are you?"

"No, not a bit. Tell him to come—often."

"He said he'd never seen a mad gentlemen, and he should like to."

"Ah!"

"What's the matter, Mr. Arthur, sir?"

"Oh! nothing, nothing.

"But you give quite a groan like."

"Did I?"

"Yes; and I know what's the matter," whispered the girl; "you're hungry, and I've got a big meat turnover for you in my pocket."

"You have?"

"Yes, a big 'un. Where shall I slip it?"

"In the table drawer, while you are dusting it. There, do it now, with your back to the door, in case anyone is watching."

"Oh! no one's watching," said Jane. "They're all downstairs," and she slipped something in a paper bag into the drawer. "I'll make you lots of things if you like. Shall I?"

"If you want to keep me from being starved to death, pray do; and as soon as I get my liberty I'll give you such a present!"

"There—stop!" cried the girl, thumping down her broom and sweeping furiously. "If you say a word about money, which you haven't got, to me, I won't make you a thing. Just as if I wanted to be paid that way!"

Jane swept about with tremendous energy and just then the panel was softly opened and closed again, as if the inspector was satisfied.

"I asked Ike how I was to manage to give you something more to eat."

"Who?"

"Isaac."

"Who's he?"

"The butcher. He said you ought to have lots o' chops and steaks to make you well, for he didn't hold with doctors."

"Well?" said Range, for there was an interregnum of cleaning.

"He said he'd show me how to do it, and he give me the bag and a bit of string I've got in my pocket."

"String and bag?"

"Yes; and he said if I give 'em to you you could let the bag down every night, and I could put something in."

"And will you?"

"Of course I will. It makes me miserable to be eating and stuffing myself, and knowing you're up here starving. Here, I shall put the bag in here between the mattress and pallyase. Now, I musn't talk any more."

Jane began to sing, and as she sang and worked another inspection was made through the panel, luckily for Range just at the right time.

The girl's face was now averted, and Range was lying hopefully thinking of how, with a fresh supply of provisions, he could hold out till help came, when Jane said, softly—

"I shan't come to-night, because you've got the turnover; but I shall to-morrow night as soon as it's dark."

"That's right, and bless that butcher," said Range.

"Yes, he is a nice chap," said Jane, hiding her face and giggling. "He wants to be my sweetheart."

"And is he going to be?"

"Why, of course not. I don't care for him a bit. You shouldn't!"

"Shouldn't what?"

"Arst such questions."

"Oh, very well, Jane, I won't."

"You may if you like though. I won't be cross."

"That's a comfort," said Range to himself.

"I say, why don't you make haste and get well?"

"I am well.'

"Oh, no, you're not! You're very bad sometimes, but—but it isn't about that lady, is it?"

"Lady? What lady?"

"That you went mad about."

"I did not go mad about any lady, you silly girl. It's all their talk."

"And you ain't engaged to anybody at all?"

"Of course not, my girl."

Jane heaved a gentle little sigh, and then made a furious attack upon some chairs and the drawers, polished the glass, and then began to behave in a very mysterious manner, and with her face furiously red.

She took up her broom, gave a few thumps with it against the skirting-board, and began to sing very loudly, opening the door suddenly, putting the broom outside, and banging it to once more, to begin foraging for something, and bringing forth a pair of scissors, a thimble, and a bit of wax.

These two last pocket-dwellers she replaced, and armed with the scissors, her face now scarlet, and a curiously determined look in her eyes, she stepped quickly to the bedside.

"What are you going to do, girl?" cried Range, wonderingly.

"Never you mind; I ain't a-going to kill you. Now, you hold still. It's no use to waggle your head about. I don't see why the barber should mess that all over with soap and throw it away."

To his astonishment, and before he could thoroughly realize her intention, Jane took hold of one of his ears, and passed the scissors cleverly behind it; there was a couple of snips, and then a rough finger and thumb over his scalp, as if Jane were taking a pinch of snuff, which she carefully deposited—a little dust of brown hair—in a bit of curl paper, screwed it up, and thrust it into her bosom.

"Are you mad?" he exclaimed, as he lay there perfectly helpless, and staring.

"No, I ain't, but you are till you get better. It was longest just there, but its terrible short. I don't mind, though. P'r'haps you wouldn't have give it me if I arst you. Don't look at me so cross as that."

Jane's remarks were cut short by footsteps, and she flew to the drawers, to begin dusting as the trio entered the room.

"Nearly done, girl?"

"Yes, sir, I've just about done," replied Jane; and soon after she left the room Range was set free and left to his thoughts, which were of anything but a pleasant nature, till he forced himself to believe that it was only out of pity.

"I ought hardly to let her supply me with food," he thought. "I'll throw it to the dogs."

He went to the drawer and took out the paper bag, opened it, and found it contained a very savory-looking composition of pastry and meat.

Then, from between mattress and palliasse, he took out a little linen bag made of holland. Very neatly attached to this was a long string made up of many pieces of different thicknesses knotted together, while inside there was a piece of something like crackling paper.

Note-paper it was, and on being taken out Range found written in a curious hand the directions for use—

"Hanget outer win'er."

Range concealed this new form of parcels post, smiling sadly, and then turned to his pastry.

"I'm only human—very human indeed," he said, bitterly. Perhaps a hero would act differently. I'm half starved, and I must eat."

The bull-dogs were down below as he walked to the window, and saluted him with a good bay.

Perhaps if he had divided the pastry between them they might have been more friendly; but somehow they did not get a taste, a few crumbs that were left at the end of ten minutes being placed for the sparrows on the sill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REALLY QUEER CUSTOMS.—The manners and customs of the Masai, as described by a traveler in the account of his recent travels in Africa, are, to put it in mild language, most peculiar, and a whole chapter is devoted to the description of them. Their usual mode of salutation on meeting is to spit in one another's face, the more copious the expectoration the greater the friendship; and the traveler, having been voted a great medicine man, was expected to heal diseases in this way; but so great was the demand on his salivary organs that he could only satisfy his patients by taking repeated draughts of water.

Equally strange is the custom of all the unmarried men and women living in villages together, while the married folks live by themselves; these latter are allowed to eat what they like, but the unmarried ones may only eat meat and drink milk.

As soon as a man marries he ceases to be a warrior, and has to tend the herds of cattle. He is no more allowed to join in cattle raids, or that extermination of his neighbors which is continually going on, and which seems to be the greatest delight that the young Masai is capable of enjoying; and it is probably because they would have to forego the pleasures of rapine and bloodshed that these amiable people decline entering into a state of matrimony, which, after all, is a mere form, for virtue, as we understand it, is unknown to them.

They have certainly a kind of religion, but very little even of that, and seem to have no belief in a future, as all dead bodies are thrown to the hyenas, who are so encouraged by being thus continually fed that if no one should die to provide them with a feast, they help themselves to the living by taking the children out of the huts.

NEW FRUIT-HOUSE.—An Illinois horticulturist last year constructed a fruit-house which proved so successful that it is now being taken as a model throughout the country. It is designed on the simplest scientific principles, and costs very little. The walls are double, being composed of two rows of wooden posts boarded within and without. The intervening space, two and a half feet wide, is packed as closely as possible with straw. Above are two sets of rafters three feet apart, with boards on their upper sides and with straw completely filling the space between them. Over all is a cheap board roof. Inside, we are told, the temperature remains approximately the same the whole year round.

NATURE is a kind mother. She couldn't well afford to make us perfect, and so she made us blind to our failings.

Scientific and Useful.

STAINS ON MARBLE.—Take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice-stone, and one part of finely-powdered chalk; sift it through a fine sieve, and mix it with water, then rub it well over the marble, and the stains will be removed; then wash the marble, and the stains will be removed; then wash the marble all over with soap-and-water, and it will be as clean as it was at first.

WITHOUT PAIN.—Cocaine, the new anæsthetic, is a colorless fluid not unlike glycerine. Under its effects a patient at a hospital the other day submitted to the ball of his eye being punctured by a delicate spearhead knife, and in its place a small suction pump inserted which brought out some pus from a sac which the knife had punctured, and all the while the patient, mentally conscious, chatted pleasantly with the operator, as insensible of the operation as though it were being performed on his hat band.

DEADENING FLOORS.—The best arrangement for deadening floors is to have two distinct tiers of beams, one carrying the floor and the other the ceiling beneath. The ceiling is then entirely separate from the floor, and there is nothing solid to carry the sound. Where this is not practicable, lay a double flooring with a layer of either concrete or felt between. The concrete will give a better result than the felt but requires stronger beams. When the sound is to be deadened in the room containing the floor, the felt will probably give the best result.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—The attention of photographers has lately been called to an ingenious device known as the air brush. A little holder is charged with India ink, and by a bellows operated with a foot pedal, after the manner of a sewing machine, the fluid is blown upon a faintly-outlined portrait, the result giving a picture superior in many respects to the best crayon drawing. A life-size portrait may, according to this method, be produced in a few hours, whereas formerly, by the use of the stump and pencil, as many weeks were required.

SYMPATHETIC INK.—A sympathetic ink for writing on postal cards is simply diluted sulphuric acid—one part by measure of acid to seven of water. When the ink is applied the card will at first show roughened traces of the writing, but after drying these disappear and the writing is as invisible as though done with water alone. Of course, only a gold pen or a quill should be used with this ink. If it is desired to avoid the suspicion of sympathetic ink having been employed, the card may be written upon across the first writing with tincture of iodine, which will entirely fade out when heat is applied to develop the sympathetic ink.

Farm and Garden.

SUNFLOWER SEEDS.—Half a pint of sunflower seeds given to a horse with his other food each morning and night will keep him in good health and spirits and his hair will be brighter.

SHRUBBY PLANTS.—Honeysuckles and most shrubby plants can readily be propagated by bending down a branch in spring and covering a portion of it with soil. In autumn it will be rooted, and may be separated from the parent plant, and transplanted.

SHEEP.—An Illinois wool-grower says he prevents grub in the head of sheep by injecting in the fall, through the nostrils, vinegar and pepper, and as a preventive uses air-slacked lime, with salt, in the troughs in alternate handfuls. The best way, of course, is to prevent grubs getting into the head rather that attempt to get them out. Sheep will not show grub in the head until spring, but lambs often show the symptoms in summer and fall. Worms in the stomach of lambs result from eating grass when wet, carrying eggs of a small black bug.

PULVERIZED SOIL.—A deeply pulverized soil is permeable by the atmosphere, and the atmosphere, how dry soever, always contains some aqueous vapor. In a perfectly dry atmosphere our bodies would shrivel in a very few hours into mummies; all plants would wilt and die in a day. When the atmosphere can descend deeply into the soil the cool soil deprives the vapor of heat, and so converts into water and deposits just where it is most needed, about the rootlets of plants. In other words, in deeply plowed lands dew is being deposited in varying quantities all the time about the roots.

TO FATTEN POULTRY.—The following will be found an excellent food for fattening chickens:—Set rice over the fire, with skimmed milk, let it boil till the rice is quite swelled out, then add a teaspoonful of sugar. Feed them three times a day in common pans, giving them only as much as will quite fill them at once. Let the pans be washed and set in spring water, that no soreness may be conveyed to the fowls, as that prevents them from fattening. Give them clean water or the milk of rice to drink. By this method the flesh will have a clear whiteness which no other food gives; and when it is considered how far a pound of rice will go, and how much time is saved by this mode, it will be found to be cheap. It is said that a portion of animal mixed with vegetable food causes poultry to thrive rapidly, but they should be confined to a vegetable diet some time before they are killed.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 9, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously inefaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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Arbitration and Civilization.

The insatiable propensity of the strong to destroy or consume the weak, seems to predominate in all animal life, including the human race as well. Many carniverous species of air, earth and sea even subsist wholly or partially upon the weaker elements of their own kind. While the human family does not literally feast on the flesh of victims that have encased the germ of immortality, yet the fact appears to be almost metaphorically correct, when applied to the mental and physical relation of nations and individuals towards each other. In a herd of animals or flock of fowls, the strongest always domineer over the rest, and hold sway with most absolute tyranny. The leaders fight with sanguinary desperation to maintain supremacy, and often yield life itself before submitting to defeat. Among the family of nations the same characteristics have almost invariably manifested themselves in all history. Not until the inception of Christianity was a positive counteracting principle introduced as a factor to debar the destructive development of this coarse instinct, and not until the latter part of this nineteenth century has even the Christian principle of respecting the rights of others equally with our own, taken practical shape, by submitting disputes to arbitration and equitable adjustment. The present European crisis will be anxiouly watched by all lovers of humanity, to learn whether the brutal instinct of war is yet to be the arbitrement of questions that could be more justly and setisfactorily decided by reference to third parties who could have no motive but equity and peaceful relations for all. It seems impossible that Russia and England can plunge recklessly into the sanguinary conflict, where thousands of noble lives must be sacrified and millions of property destroyed, in this advanced age of the world, when the principle of arbitration has been so successfully practiced in our own day, and by our own nation. It is even a prominent feature of sordid daily business life. Let us sincerely hope that, however strained the international situation of the old world may be, we shall yet see the angel of peace triumph over the inflamed feelings of men, and the black clouds of war disperse without bursting into actual storm. Let us not feel that any temporary trade advantages which might possibly accrue in our favor, would produce lasting benefits, for such could not be. War is unmitigated evil viewed from every standpoint, and unless arbitration now prevail, the march of civilization may well be marked back a generation on the dial of time.

Indulgence of Illicit Propensities.

The prevalent sentiment that forbidden fruit immediately creates an appetite for its indulgence which would not otherwise exist, finds many indorsers. Some even go so far as to insinuate that this was the primary cause of Eve's overweening desire to taste that from which she had the most positive command to abstain. However this may be, numerous people evidently like to lean back on something of a similar nature as a semi-excuse for illicit indulgence in that which their better judgment condemns. We are of the opinion that too many "thou shalt nots" are neither effectual nor judicious. We cannot, however, sympathize with the logic that the mere forbidding of any improper indulgence promotes an extra desire for its gratification. Whenever the innate propensity for dissipation in any particular direction exists, outward manifestation in some form will soon develop the fact. If a man has a secret passion for strong drink, all the closed window-shutters or friendly bar-shades in the world will not effectually conceal it. It is the illicit passion that must be conquered and destroyed, or itself occupy the position of victor. Mountains of arguments to prove that safeguards and legal restraints only tend to inflame it, will neither increase nor lessen the stern fact itself. The human mind is, however, so accustomed to place its own faults on others' shoulders, that even a lame excuse is often better than none at all. Would it not be a great advance on old methods of training children, if parents should so treat them as to preclude from their minds the very possibility of illicit concealments, no matter what faults they may be overtaken in, nor how reprehensible their conduct? Let them be thoroughly imbued with the feeling that conduct which requires concealment from those whose love and interest are greatest, is the most despicable and mean of all. Then, whenever an illicit desire enters the mind, it will have to encounter the already developed sentiment of honor and upright frankness that stands at the threshold ready to dispel such base intruders, and the growth of a well-rounded and symmetrical character that will command the respect and admiration of all, may naturally be expected to ensue.

Beginnings.

The story is an old one, but good for all that. Said the camel, "It is cold out here; may I put my head within your door?" The merchant could not find it in his heart to refuse. Before long the camel's neck, as well as his head, was within the little room; then his shoulders; then his whole body. So the merchant was crowded out entirely, for the room was not big enough for both of them. We sometimes think it no great harm if we permit the beginning of a bad habit to enter our bosom. If it would stop there, it might not do so much evil. But no one knows where a bad habit will stop. It is quite as likely as not to crowd out every good thing. So look out for beginnings!

WHEN a couple are engaged there is seldom any sensible reason why all the world should not know it, and therefore the new fashion of announcing engagements just before a prominent ball, and having the ladies and gentlemen congratulated by their friends, is to be commended. To be sure, if the engagement is afterward broken, the thought of these public congratulations would be embarrassing; but if the fashion tends to prevent promises of marriage being lightly given, it will serve good purposes. The girl who may say "yes" when asked to marry, with the mental reservation that if anything better comes along she will contrive not to keep her word, will think twice about it if she has to go through such a form. Marriage engagements are frequently too lightly entered into, and too lightly set aside. The engagement should be nearly as sacred a contract as the marriage itself, and it should be such an engagement that both parties would be proud to have it known among all their common acquaintances.

IT is a pleasure to know that public attention is, at present, more engaged with tree planting than ever before; arbor days are legally established in some States, and in one way and another people are turning their thoughts to this subject. There are many good and substantial reasons to encourage the desire that the spirit of tree planting may dominate in our rural life. Memorial trees might oftener be made to symbolize our affection and esteem, and the objects about which shall cluster associations of family joys and public good will. To plant trees with appropriate ceremonies and festivities in memory of birthdays, and other family events, is a simple but sure means of binding closer those family ties which are the dearest that earth can know; and in what more appropriate manner could we honor those who have prominently distinguished themselves in public life, and earned the gratitude of society!

IN regard to the education of woman, a radical change has come over Europe during the past few years. In 1870 women were first admitted to the University of Sweden. In Russia women may now pursue their studies in all the great universities. Last year for the first time women entered the University of Brussels. About a score of women are now in attendance at the University of Geneva, and the number of women is much larger at the University of Zurich, among them being several American girls. The way is now open in Italy for women to pursue a collegiate course; and, in fact, many are availing themselves of the privilege. There are probably more women pursuing a collegiate course in France than in any other country in Europe; and the number will soon be much increased through the operation of the law establishing intermediate schools for girls.

THE Japanese dentist performs all his operations of tooth-drawing with the thumb and forefinger of one hand, and thus he never terrifies his patients with an array of steel instruments. The skill necessary to do this is only acquired by long practice. But, once it is obtained, the operator is able to extract about half a dozen teeth in thirty seconds without once removing his fingers from the patient's mouth. The dentist's education commences with the pulling out of pegs that have been pressed into soft wood; it ends with the drawing of hard pegs that have been driven into an oak plank with a mallet. It is said that no human jaw can resist the delicate, but powerful manipulation of the Japanese dentist.

THE 64,000 lawyers in the United States have almost two hundred times more representation in Congress than the 7,000,000 farmers. Eleven-seventeenths of the population (manufacturers, agriculturists, and those dependent upon them), owning three-fourths of the total wealth of the nation, are practically without representation in the government, to the support of which they contribute 85 per cent. of expenses; while sixteen-seventeenths of the population—those engaged in trade and transportation, personal and professional services, owning less than one fourth of the nation's wealth, and paying 15 per cent. of government expenses—have absolute control.

NOT a soldier of the Prussian army has died of small-pox since 1875, and the medical authorities assert that if they could have vaccination as strictly carried out with other populations as in the Prussian army, small-pox itself would disappear in five years.

The World's Happenings.

Japanese laws compel fish to be sold alive.

A Vermont individual claims to have a hen 30 years old.

In the spermaceti whale the teeth are fixed to the gum.

The Persians use asafœtida as a condiment with their food.

Esquimaux dogs will draw a sledge a distance of sixty miles a day.

The most valuable metal known is venadium, which is worth $10,000 per pound.

The average daily consumption of eggs throughout the United States is estimated at 45,000,000.

Newspapers in this country, it is estimated, employ not less than 30,000 writers at present.

There are now nearly seven million children in the United States who do not know their letters.

In London, it is said, 38,000 persons earn their living by participating in stage performances of all grades.

Guests at Dublin Castle, the official residence of the lord lieutenant of Ireland, are given nothing to eat.

A mansion and grounds in Roselyn, Long Island, which cost in 1868 the sum of $200,000, sold some days ago for $31,400.

A novelty in Long Island farming the present year will be the extensive cultivation of peanuts, as an experiment.

Novels constitute nine-tenths of the books read in England, and nineteen-twentieths of the books read in the whole world.

It was formerly the prevailing opinion that the bodies of persons killed by lightning did not decompose and become corrupt.

Electrified butter will soon be in the market. A French patent has been obtained for a process of butter making by electricity.

A Bridgeport, Conn., newsboy is said to have cleared $2,000 within the past 12 months by selling newspapers and periodicals.

At the University of Virginia there is no prescribed course of study, no vacation, except the summer one, and but six holidays.

In a play given at the Kankakee, Ill., opera house, all the male parts are said to have been taken by the deacons of a church.

A lad, only nine years of age, was arrested in New York, a few days ago, the second time within a year, for picking pockets.

A curiosity in the form of an orange weighing 24 ounces is exciting no little interest in Levy, Florida, where it was grown.

An athlete advises stair-climbers not to hurry nor to spring from stair to stair. They should step firmly, leisurely and keep erect.

Working hours throughout France are generally twelve per day, while in Germany from thirteen to sixteen hours is the rule.

The crazy quilt mania has even struck the male sex, a lad in Saline county, Arkansas, having recently completed one containing 30,000 pieces.

In Eagle City, Arizona, the enthusiastic miners recently presented the mother of the first child born there with a purse of $5,000 in gold dust.

A Maine teamster says: "I can start the most obstinate horse by taking him out of the shafts and leading him around in a circle until he is giddy."

"Gone to oven" is the correct expression for the retirement of the Russian peasant at night, since he has no bed, but sleeps on the top of the oven.

Over three hundred styles of stoves are now in actual use, and the number constantly increasing. There are nearly 100 kinds of fireplace heaters.

Strong rubber bands attached to sticks, in the hands of boys in New York, are causing a great deal of annoyance and not a little injury to people in that city.

A piece of ground set out in black walnut and allowed to remain 30 years will, it is asserted, yield a larger profit than in any other mode of investment on a farm.

The three trees that shaded the tent of Jefferson Davis at the spot where he was captured in Irwin county, Georgia, have since been struck by lightning and killed.

A jeweler at Batavia, Ill., discovered a gold watch, stolen from him, in the possession of a young lady on whom he called. Her lover had stolen and presented it to her.

The Musical Monthly Magazine, published in London, is the smallest periodical ever produced. It is 3¼ by 2½ inches, being reduced to these dimensions by phototype.

The steamer Louisiana recently made the passage from New York to New Orleans in five days, nine hours and fifteen minutes from wharf to wharf, the quickest trip on record.

A puzzle now troubling the people is simply this: Place eight checkers on a board so that no two will be either on a straight or diagonal line in either direction, if you can.

A lock-maker at Birmingham, England, has constructed a key with which he claims to be able to open 21,600 patent lever locks, each of which may be of a different combination.

In Concord, N. H., the Second Adventists are again excited. They hold that the world will certainly come to an end on the 19th of May next, and preparations are being made for that event.

The Japanese "upper ten thousand" are learning to dance in the American fashion. When perfect, one of the imperial princes intends to give a grand ball in Tokio to show off the new accomplishment.

The beautiful palace of the Medici in Florence stands now in the very worst part of the city—perhaps a retribution for the many sins of its founders. It is occupied by ragpickers, thieves and cut-throats, and is an abode of filth from top to bottom.

FROM UNTILLED SOIL.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

From untilled soil we cannot draw our bread.
Wise nature reft of aid, can ne'er bestow
The generous grain by which we're daily fed,
Until the farmer break the ground, and sow.

"Then can she give to faith and hope their birth
And bid them bloom within the human breast?
May she create these germs of priceless worth
By which our lives are doubly cheered and blest?"

Nay, rather say theirs is a grander source:
Nor is their goal the dull and aimless clod—
They spring direct from Life's pervading force,
The very fount of All—from Nature's God.

"Sister Agnes."

BY PHYLLIS.

IN a small Kentucky village, whose name it is unnecessary to mention, there lived some years since, a gentleman in comfortable circumstances; he was then in the prime of early manhood—that is, thirty. This gentleman's name was Henry Morton.

Six months before our story opens he had brought home to his handsome villa a young and beautiful bride, whom he passionately loved, and who returned his affection fully. The six months of their married life had passed like a dream of delight—no cloud had as yet darkened their happiness, but this was not to last.

Mrs. Morton had never been strong, and now her health began to decline; she did not complain, though the loving eyes of her husband soon noticed the change in her appearance. Each day her face seemed paler than on the preceding one. Mr. Morton was alarmed and would have called in medical advice but that she earnestly begged him not to do so.

"It is the heat which overpowers me, that is all," she said; and how could he contradict her when he so much wished to believe that that *was* all?

Still when the autumn came and she seemed to grow no stronger, he again became anxious, and without her knowledge called upon the family physician to ask his advice. Dr. Gray cautioned him to say nothing which might arouse the fears of his wife, and promised to pay her a friendly visit the next day. He kept his word, and the next afternoon found him with Mrs. Morton in the cosy little parlor she called her own. The doctor was alarmed at her appearance, but concealed his feelings, and they chatted pleasantly together for a full half hour, then he rose to take his leave. Mrs. Morton invited him to come again, and expressed her pleasure at his visit.

In the hall he found Mr. Morton waiting, anxiety very evident in his face. He approached the doctor quickly, and asked "Well?" Dr. Gray looked at him for a moment in silence, and when he spoke it was in a rather unsteady voice.

"We will hope for the best," he said, "but I dare not conceal from you the fact that your wife is seriously ill."

Henry Morton staggered back as if he had received a blow.

"You do not mean it—it cannot be true!" he gasped.

"I would it were so, but alas! it is only too true," the doctor replied, sadly. "Instant change of scene and air is the only remedy, and perhaps even that will not avail. You must leave everything, and start for Europe *at once* if you would save the life of her who is your nearest and dearest!"

Dr. Gray's commands were obeyed, and the next week found the young couple on their way to the sunny skies and balmy air of Italy.

At first Mrs. Morton seemed to revive under the change, and a slight color tinged the cheeks which had lately been so pallid; but this did not continue long and soon the old feebleness returned. Still they did not despair, but lingered on hopefully in the beautiful country to which they had both become attached.

They had been away from America seven months when on a calm and starlit night in June, a tiny baby first opened its eyes upon this world of suffering—the first and last pledge of their affections; Mrs. Morton lingered but a few weeks after its birth, and then her gentle spirit took its flight.

Henry Morton's heart was broken; he never recovered from the shock. He lived long enough to place the little one in the care of his wife's brother, an honorable and upright man.

Within three months after her disease he was laid by her side. And as the voice of the clergyman spoke the solemn words, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," the infant Alice was left alone—an orphan!

John Linwood was the name of Mrs. Morton's brother; his family consisted of his wife and two children—both boys. The eldest, whose name was Henry, had just entered upon his fifth year, and Charles, the younger, was not quite two. Alice was received by them as a sister, and they both soon became very fond of her.

The Linwood's home was a rambling old house, set in a grove of noble oaks; a wide avenue led up to the mansion through these stately trees. Alice continued living quietly here until she reached the age of fourteen, when she was sent to a celebrated boarding school for young ladies, where she remained for some years, and finally graduated with honors—a lovely girl of eighteen.

The only relation still left to Alice Morton on her father's side was a cousin, the son of Mr. Morton's only sister. He was now a promising young man of twenty-four, and first mate on a large trading vessel. He had not seen Alice since four years ago when she was but a mere school girl. A few days after her final return from school she received a note from him in which he said that he expected to arrive at the Linwoods on Friday of the coming week.

A brief description of my heroine must suffice. She was tall and slender, and carried herself with an easy grace, her hair was so dark a brown as to seem almost black, her eyes large and gray, and her features altogether charming, though perhaps not quite regular.

Friday afternoon found her waiting in the massive library for the coming of the cousin she scarce remembered, for fourteen is not the age in which handsome cousins are noticed as much as they are in later years. The train was due at four o'clock, and it still wanted a quarter of that hour. The carriage had been sent to the depot a mile distant. It was the first week of July, and the air outside was hot and sultry, though in the library where Alice waited it was cool and dark. She was dressed in a gown of thin white material; her hair was plainly coiled in a knot at the back of her shapely head, and waved in tiny curls over her forehead; there was not a trace of color anywhere in her toilette, and yet she had certainly never looked more lovely. She threw herself carelessly back into one of the large easy chairs with which the room was plentifully supplied, and with hands folded in her lap and eyes fixed upon the landscape seen through the partly open shutter, gave herself up to a retrospection of the past four years. She saw herself a timid girl of fourteen entering upon a life so different from that which had gone before, of little by little losing the feeling of shyness and loneliness that had at first beset her, and forming friendships with her schoolmates, some of which, she thinks, will continue through her whole life. Little, as these thoughts, and many others, float through her mind, does she imagine what is in store for her.

She was startled from her musing by the sound of wheels on the gravelled road; in a few moments the door swung noiselessly open and her cousin entered. They gaze at each other for a moment in silence; Dick Mortimer is certainly a handsome man. He is tall, of good proportions, with an open sunny face, golden hair and moustache and dark blue eyes.

"Why, Dick, I hardly recognize you!" Alice says, as she gives him her hand.

"And I surely do not remember you like *this*," he replies, admiration very evident in his face.

Mr. and Mrs Linwood have gone to a distant town on some business requiring the presence of both; Henry and Charles, they are both young men now, are spending a few weeks among the Thousand Islands. Mr. Linwood will not be back before dark, so upon Alice falls the duty of entertaining her cousin.

It is not a difficult task, for there are many subjects of conversation interesting to both, and Dick has many stories to tell of his adventures in foreign lands.

Time flies, and it seems scarcely half an hour when Mr. and Mrs. Linwood return, though they do not arrive until eight o'clock. They welcome Dick warmly for he is a favorite of both, and they have insisted upon his making their house his home whenever he is off duty on this side of the ocean.

Alice exerted all her powers of pleasing upon Dick Mortimer, and she succeeded rather more perhaps than she expected, for when he retired that evening at a late hour, he was desperately in love with his pretty cousin.

Dick remained for two weeks with the Linwoods, falling deeper in love with Alice every day. His wooing was not all smooth sailing, for lately settled near them in the village was a young Dr. Breyfogle; he also was in love with Alice, and as she was something of a coquette, Dick and the doctor often felt very jealous and miserable—jealous of each other and miserable because each fancied the other the favored one. Dick could not talk sentiment to Alice, for she merely laughed at all his attempts, and no young man likes to be laughed at, as all the world knows.

Finally the last day of his visit arrived, and he felt that he must do something desperate, for he could not leave Alice, in such uncertainty; there was not a moment during the day in which he could speak to her, and he was beginning to despair when just at dusk he saw her enter the library, and hastily following found her there all alone. Her coquetry was all gone now and she was standing by the open window looking sadly out upon the darkening landscape; she started as the sound of his footstep fell upon her ear, and a blush suffused her lovely face.

He crossed the room quickly and seized her hand; she did not resist when he raised it to his lips.

"I love you, Alice, will you be my wife?" he said, in his own frank, manly way.

Alice looked into his face for a moment in silence, and his heart beat wildly as he thought that on her answer hung his fate; a second more she gazed, then in a voice so soft and low as to be almost inaudible she breathed her answer—"Yes!"

The next morning Dick left to join his ship, happier than he had ever been in his life before—poor Dick. Alice wished the engagement kept secret from every one except Mr. and Mrs. Linwood, and Dick of course consented—how could he do otherwise?

* * * * * *

Dr. Breyfogle was in every respect the opposite of Dick Mortimer, the only resemblance between them was in their height—they were both tall. Dr. Breyfogle's hair and eyes were black, and though his face was handsome it had not the openness and frankness of Mortimer's.

His acquaintance with Alice commenced by his rescuing her from what would probably have been a watery grave. A mile distant from her guardian's house there ran a stream of water, beautifully clear, and in some places of considerable depth. Here she often came to row herself up the river to an island midway between the banks of the stream; it was small, but extremely beautiful; moss and red berries almost covered it; the berries grew on vines, whose leaves of a darker green than the moss, showed charmingly against it. The island was also lightly covered with a growth of young trees. Here Alice would come and sit for hours, reading, or sketching the surrounding scenery. Water-lilies grew abundantly in some parts of the river, and Alice often gathered them to take to her Aunt Fannie (Mrs. Linwood) who cared for them more than for any other flower.

It was on the second day of her last return from school that she went to visit her favorite island; as she came floating homeward with the current she thought of the water-lilies and decided to row back to the spot where they grew most plentifully and see if any were yet open.

There were but few out, and she had gathered only three or four buds and as many open lilies, when she discovered the only other one yet blooming, which was far lovelier than any she had found before.

It grew in the centre of a tangle of roots and weeds through which she could not force the boat, but she thought she might perhaps reach it by leaning over the side. She reached out quickly hoping to seize it before the boat should float away; the impetus thus given forced the tiny craft from beneath her, and left her struggling in the river—one loud cry for help burst from her lips, and then her head was under water; she could not swim and her situation was indeed perilous. Well for her that her cry was heard. Dr. Breyfogle had been taking a solitary walk along the bank of the river, and fortunately heard her call.

Quickly he ran to the spot and throwing off his coat, sprang in to her rescue; Alice retained her presence of mind sufficiently to do as he directed and in a few moments they were both safe on shore.

She did not faint or go into hysterics as most girls would have done under the circumstances, she looked up into his face and said "Thank you!" with a smile that finished the doctor on the spot. The boat was nowhere in sight so they walked briskly along the shore until they arrived at the place from which Alice had started, and there caught fast in some driftwood, floated calmly the cause of all her trials. In the bottom of the boat lay her lilies uninjured.

"There lie the two causes of my misfortune," she said, turning to the doctor with a smile.

"Forgive me if I cannot blame them since they procured me the happiness of meeting you," he replied.

"You are a flatterer, I fear," she returns, archly, "but dare I ask you to get my lilies? I so much wish to take them home to Aunt Fannie."

"Dare?" he says, gravely. "You cannot be afraid of me."

"No; but you have done so much for me already that I scarcely like to ask for more."

The cloud passed from his face and he replied gayly—

"It is a pleasure to serve you in any way." He brought her lilies and then they parted.

"I can never thank you enough for your bravery—" she began, but he stopped her, and merely repeating his former words: "It is a pleasure to serve you in any way," bowed courteously, and walked away.

On her arrival at home in such a bedraggled and damp condition, she was, of course assailed with questions, and when relating her adventure, Mrs. Linwood nearly went into hysterics and declared she should never care for water-lilies after this.

Of course Dr. Breyfogle calls the next day to see how Alice feels after her unexpected bath. She is as fresh as a rose, and receives him with a look that sets his pulses throbbing. Mr. and Mrs. Linwood overwhelm him with thanks. Alice sees that he is beginning to feel embarrassed so she kindly offers to show him the flowers.

Back of the house the ground is laid out in beds and mounds of roses and almost every description of plants; they are looking most beautiful now with the rays of the setting sun shining upon them. Perhaps the doctor does not pay such strict attention to the flowers as he would with a different companion. They walk in the garden until dusk, and then of course Dr. Breyfogle must stay to tea. The table is set on the veranda at the back of the house under a wilderness of climbing vines, the air is soft and balmy—altogether the scene is lovely.

In the cool of the evening the doctor walked slowly homeward, madly in love with the girl he saw for the first time yesterday.

After this he often called and was always made welcome. When Dick came, he was driven nearly wild with jealousy, for, as I before said, Alice had a bit of the coquette in her disposition. This brings us back to the time of Dick's visit. Of course Dr. Breyfogle knew nothing of Alice's engagement, but after Dick's departure he noticed a change in her treatment of himself; she was still kind, but there was an indefinable coldness in her manner which had not been there before. He watched her for a few days, hoping that he might be mistaken; but at the end of a week, it was not possible longer to conceal her change of manner from himself. He could do nothing but wait, in hopes that time would bring back her old friendliness—*old!* when they had known each other scarce a month, yet to him at least it seemed like years.

* * * * * *

Dick Mortimer reached his ship safely, and Alice soon received a letter from him. They are to sail in a few days, it says, and will be gone for a long time—Alice wondered how long "a long time" would be. Months passed away, she read in the papers that his ship was due. A week later she saw the notice of its arrival, but hears nothing from Dick. The next day when the mail was brought to the breakfast table, she caught up the morning paper and eagerly ran her eyes over the headings; alas, she found too soon that for which she was seeking.

This is the line that caught her eye.

"*First Mate Swept Overboard During a Storm!*"

Tremblingly she looked for the name of the vessel; it was the Regina, Dick's ship! With a low moan, she sank back senseless in her chair. Mr. and Mrs. Linwood rushed to her assistance, the fatal heading confronted them—"poor, poor Alice!" cried her aunt.

Alice was carried to her room, the doctor sent for, and all that could be done was done. When she recovered from her swoon it was only to go into raving delirium; for weeks her life was despaired of, but her youth and strong constitution conquered at last.

It was far into the Autumn, and the leaves were sere and brown before Alice left her room—and then she was but a shadow of her former self. She was still beautiful but with an unearthly loveliness; her hands were nearly transparent and her face so white and wan that it made one almost weep to look upon it.

Dr. Breyfogle was not the family doctor, so he had not been sent for to attend upon Alice, but during the time of her illness he haunted the house like a shadow, and Mrs. Linwood who knew of his love for Alice and its hopelessness, was very kind and pitiful to him.

One day when Alice was feeling stronger than usual her aunt asked if she would see Dr. Breyfogle, and at the same time told her of his attentions during her sickness.

Alice was surprised and touched by her aunt's words, but only said she did not feel able to see anyone yet. The first passion of grief was past, but over her there now hung a cloud of sadness that was never again to be lifted. As she grew stronger, everything drifted back to its former course—but oh! how changed for her.

On the day in which she, for the first time came down stairs, Dr. Breyfogle called. He had not seen her since her illness, and was almost horror-struck at the change in her appearance. His face grew pale as death as he gazed upon the pitiful loveliness of her countenance; Alice returned his gaze for a moment, and then she said with a faint smile—

"You find me more changed than you expected, do you not?"

He scarcely seemed to hear her question, but muttered, more to himself than to her—

"Alas! how changed, and yet how lovely!"

She sank back into a chair now, for she was not yet strong enough to remain standing for any length of time; Mrs. Linwood softly turned and left the room, leaving them alone together.

Dr. Breyfogle felt that the supreme moment had arrived; he must speak now and end this harrowing suspense. He threw himself at her feet, and, seizing her hand, exclaimed in passionate tones:

"Alice, I can wait no longer; you cannot be unconscious of my deep and fervent attachment to yourself. I have been patient for I knew you did not care for me, and I know it now; but I will be so faithful—I will wait for years if in the end you will care for me only a little!"

Alice's face expressed nothing but surprise at first; but as he continued the surprise changed into contempt and scorn.

"And this!" she cried, "is an exhibition of the love you feel for me! You had not the fortitude to wait until I recovered my full health and strength, but thought to influence me in your favor while I was still weak and almost helpless. However I have still enough courage to refuse your offer with the scorn it deserves!"

Dr. Breyfogle sprang to his feet at the beginning of this reply, and stood looking into her face as if he could hardly believe the evidence of his senses; he had never seen one who was always sweet and gentle so moved before.

"Forgive me if I have in any way offended you," he stammered. "I acknowledge that I was perhaps too hasty in my declaration, but when I saw you so changed and weak my love overpowered me."

The look of scorn and aversion did not leave her face as she replied, rising at the same time from her chair.

"Whatever your excuse, my answer is a decided *no*, now and forever," speaking thus she hastily left the room.

Dr. Breyfogle stood for a moment like one stunned, then rushed from the room and the house—never again to return.

The next day the doctor did not appear at breakfast at his boarding-house, the landlady was somewhat surprised as he had always before been punctual. As the day passed and he did not appear she began to feel uneasy; about three o'clock in the afternoon she determined to knock at his door and ask if anything were the matter; she knocked, but received no answer.

Now seriously alarmed, she sent for her husband and the door was broken in.

On the bed lay the doctor, fully dressed, and as the landlord advanced into the room, for the first time catching sight of the doctor's face—a cry of horror burst from his lips!

Dr. Breyfogle was dead!

On a little table by the bedside, lay a small phial marked laudanum, and a note directed to "Miss Alice Morton!"

This was hastily carried to Alice in the hope that something in its contents would reveal the motive for this terrible deed.

The note was short, if simply said:

"I cannot live without you; when you read this I shall be no more.

In death as in life, yours

GERALD BERYFOOLE."

To say that Alice Morton was horror-struck would not express her feelings. In the first passion of wounded pride she had spoken words which she had since bitterly regretted. When she read his letter and knew that it was now forever too late to hope for his forgiveness she was utterly overwhelmed.

For a second time she was brought nearly to death's door, and her already weakened system was much longer in recovering from this illness than from the first.

Months elapsed before she was able feebly to take her place with the rest, and then the light of youth and happiness had forever vanished from her face. Her determination was fixed to take the solemn vows of a cloistered life, and no entreaties could move her from her purpose.

Alice Morton now finds all the happiness this world can ever give her in ministering with loving hands to the sick and needy; and "Sister Agnes" is revered and loved where "Alice Morton" was never known.

Discovered in Time.

BY HENRY FRITH.

SOME three miles back from our Eastern Coast, just within sight and scent of the salt water, lies a Suffolk village, Wynford by name, of whose scattered population four-fifths find their living and centre their material interests upon that broad area they call "the land."

A sleepy parish? An unemotional congregation of clodhoppers then? By no means, indeed! Wynford has decided opinions, brisk little quarrels, many social grades of its own, and has, moreover, its full *quantum* of human joys and sorrows; perhaps, hidden among its sober generations, some tragedies, and to a certainty now and then a bit of romance.

On Wynford Green, near the flint-towered, thatch-roofed St. Nicholas', cluster all the dwellings of the upper ten; from the smart white villa of a late shopkeeper's buxom widow, close by the Rectory, to the red-brick residence of a vice-admiral's relict—Mrs. Orde—from whose casements one can look across the narrowing road into some twenty acres of park, where stands the chief house of the parish, "The Beeches."

Here lived the lady of the manor. Not a stately, exacting dame, ruling jealously over a tribe of bobbing, hat-touching rustics, but a young and beautiful woman, who inherited through her mother a position no one ever needed to grudge her sweet and noble nature.

"Miss Temple, my daughter that is to be, seems part of Wynford's very self, Mr. Murray," explained Mrs. Orde to the newly-come rector, on his first call, one autumn day. He was an Oxford Fellow, who, in sudden impatience at the barrenness of book-life, had deserted it for the opposite extreme—a moderate living in the depths of the country. "The people think so much of her, and she of them, that I fear it will be a lamentable day when my son comes to take her from us."

"Your—son?" repeated Mr. Murray, politely—almost more than politely attentive.

"Yes, from India. He returns soon, to rob your parish of its mistress. You had not heard this? Oh, well, I think our clergyman ought to understand what goes on among us. It makes him more at ease, does it not?" And, with the friendly view of furthering this pleasant footing, Mrs. Orde chatted complacently into accounts of the neighboring family, and told how a Mr. Temple, well connected but of no fortune, had married the heiress of Wynford Manor, who, sadly enough, had died when their one child, Agatha, was born.

"But there are two Miss Temples?" interpolated Mr. Murray, puzzled by remembrance of two attractive faces near his pulpit, of which one had earnestly marked (or so he fancied) every syllable of his first nervous sermon, while the other had wandered from pointed attention, through smothered yawns, into a comfortable little nap. "Surely I see two ladies often together, both young; I thought them sisters."

"So they are—at least, half-sisters," explained Mrs. Orde; "for Mr. Temple foolishly married again—a French lady, little Agatha's governess; and Miss Leonie is her child—younger than Miss Temple, by five years. Poor thing! her father died long ago, leaving not the least provision for her; for, of course, he had only a life interest in The Beeches. So his widow and little girl were simply dependent on the elder daughter. But the trustees were liberal, Miss Temple most unselfish and generous, and they all lived admirably together till Mrs. Temple's death."

"Which was——?"

"Four years ago; six months before our dear Agatha came of age. It was just when my son got his assistant-judgeship, Mr. Murray—an excellent appointment—and, on the strength of his promotion, wrote home as he did. It has been a long engagement, has it not? But Geoffrey would never live on his wife's income, without means or position of his own, so he determined to keep abroad till he earned a pension; but, I am thankful to say, the last three years of his exile are not to be lonely. *Now* you understand what brings him home, Mr. Murray."

Mr. Murray understood Mrs. Orde's modestly triumphant confidence only too well. By some process of reasoning he had no mind to trace to its source, he felt the revelation had spread a shadow over his own life; and as he went back alone, past the golden-brown beeches, to his solitary fireside, was half inclined to wish he had never ventured from the scholarly seclusion of Corpus, into the perils of a country pastorate.

And how was Mr. Geoffrey Orde's return awaited by the tenants of the manor-house? Seemed the days long or short to Agatha Temple till he came?

Why, scarcely could she tell. The playfellow of her almost babyhood—the lad who used to bring his schoolboy laurels for her praise—the youth who had gone from her while she was in her first girlhood—had wooed her as yet only with written words; and though she trusted every syllable, and idealized her absent love perchance more than most maidens—for, save Leonie, no other was near and dear to her—yet, to leave for him the home she clung to more each year, to cast her lot in with his, was a point over which sadness and gladness often fought, and victory lay as yet on neither side.

"I know what *I* shall do," asserted Leonie, very positively, one night in the midwinter, when, being telegraphed as arrived at Southampton, Mr. Orde might any hour appear at Wynford. "When that man comes I shall hate him!"

"Oh, Leonie! why?" laughed her sister, stroking the pretty, wilfully-poised head, shorn of its sunny tresses in a freak of fashion, and left shining, curly, provokingly coaxable. "Remember, when Geoffrey left it was you, not I, who cried unceasingly. And who, pray, wrote to him and begged him, to come back, for fear tigers should eat him? Who——"

"H-u-s-h! Scandalmonger!" cried Leonie, her cheeks aflame. "Then I was small and foolish; now I am old and wise, and I wish he had kept across the sea forever. He'll take you away, and what *shall* I do?"

"Keep house till we come back. Three years will soon go by, Lono darling. There will be so much for you and Aunt Helen to do" (Aunt Helen was a distant relative—companion, now, and chaperone to the two girls) "that time will fly. Mind, you are not to miss me, nor let any one else miss me, either."

Leonie gave a disconsolate shrug. "Aunt Helen will rule me with a rod of iron. She means to be good, but she's like Mrs. Orde, and knows I'm poor, and—and—she'll make me mend my gloves and be industrious."

Agatha's dark eyes rested lovingly on her sister's young face, so like her own, save that its lines were always gay, while hers were often grave.

"Be industrious, little woman," she said, with a half-motherly tenderness. "We richer folks have no right to be lazy, but—wait a moment," as Leonie crumpled her forehead into negative wrinkles over "we richer folks"—"but no one, Lono, will trouble you about being poor. You know how often I have been letter-writing lately? Well, it was for you. And to-day all is settled. You are independent enough, now, with all that my careful guardians have been saving for your fortune. I wanted to tell you before Geoffrey came home. Now you know, and we will say no more about it."

"But I must!" cried Leonie, clasping her sister impetuously. "Oh, Agatha, how good you are to me! How can I thank you? Why, every single thing I have I owe to you!"

"There is no owing between our father's children," answered Agatha, yielding herself to a shower of grateful caresses, "so there's nothing to pay back, and I want no thanks; only, please, keep this secret till I am gone."

"Till you are gone!" echoed Leonie ruefully. "Oh, Agatha, to have you kinder than ever, just before you go, is dreadful! I hope *you* may be happy, but *I* shall be miserable! When that horrible man comes, I'll try not to be wicked, but—I—shall—*de-test* him!"

When Mr. Orde really did return, then, Miss Leonie accorded him a jealously-cool reception, vastly amusing to those accustomed to her natural warm-hearted frankness; but, fully occupied in attention to his *fiancee*, the gentleman appeared perfectly callous to this ungracious treatment. So, perceiving to her amazement that she was receding into the unusual position of a nonentity, the younger Miss Temple was piqued into becoming her own self, letting fall her droll mask of ceremony, and slipping again into the old bright ways that made her what Agatha called "the sunshine of The Beeches." Hating her sister's future husband was unprofitable work; now, in a fit of repentant amiability, she resolved to please him.

By the time this happy transformation was effected, Mr. Orde had been back a month, and had discovered the value of the prize he had come home to fetch.

Five years had changed the girl-friend he had left into a beautiful woman, whom he was bound to love, not by promise only, but by keen appreciation of her worth, grown now and ripened even as she herself. And for weeks his task seemed very easy, while to Agatha, increasing knowledge of her betrothed increased her happiness. Of a surety the course of *their* love promised to run smooth! Proud Mrs. Orde's air of dignified gratulation over her son's excellent match grew day by day; the village grew deeply interested in the coming wedding; and the bride-elect began to be busy exceedingly, over plans for her wide circle of humble friends' well-doing while she should be away. Jestingly, Geoffrey Orde would tell her he grudged the time she spent in confabulations with Aunt Helen over the many trusts to be left in hers or the rector's hands, but the eager confidence with which she would seek to draw him into her projects, and her delight in his approval, disarmed him of any passing chagrin, and left him no shadow of excuse for complaint.

They were all of them certainly very happy—perfectly content. And yet——

How a cloud rose on this fair sky, none knew exactly. Those whom it overshadowed most, acknowledged it last of all. For it was so easy, so right of Leonie to glide into treating her almost brother with the free winsomeness that kept her childish, spite of her nineteen years. He was of necessity almost as often her companion as Agatha's. She had been fond of him long ago, and—was it not her duty to be fond of him now? To what precise depths this duty led her, she didn't stop to measure, until, alas! they were unfathomable.

And Geoffrey Orde, his word and honor pledged to Agatha, felt himself safe to bask, pleasantly amused, in the animated presence of her younger sister, never finding out, till May's warm weeks were entered, and his wedding fixed for the first day of June, that he was turning traitor to his troth; that the charm of Leonie's gay nature was stronger than the sweet gravity of that to which he owed allegiance. But not to himself would he allow this possible at first.

"I think," urged his mother anxiously, one night, when they were leaving The Beeches, "I do think, Geoffrey, as Agatha sings no duets with you, you would be wiser to sing fewer with Leonie."

"And why?" said her son shortly.

"Well, Agatha—may not like it. Other people may—at least, they do notice it."

"Agatha is entirely above any wretched jealousy," said Mr. Orde impatiently.

"Still, I should be sorry," his mother ventured on, "that you should even seem to slight your wife that will be. People might say you were marrying for money, and Agatha doesn't deserve that, Geoffry."

"With or without money, she deserves the best any human creature can give her," returned Geoffrey warmly. "Don't fancy I underrate her, Mother." And with that Mrs. Orde had to be satisfied though the ambiguous speech left her disquieted.

Still, he meant to be—nay, he vowed he would be loyal; and, strong in self-trust, went next day to The Beeches and found himself listening for Leonie's coming, made infinitely glad by the dangerous hour's music which unsuspecting Agatha pressed on them while she gave audience to homely guests.

That hour he vowed, though, should be his last of dalliance with a temptation that was getting too strong. Resolutely he would avoid Leonie henceforth, resolutely devote himself to Agatha. And so for days he did, dulling his own spirit into unutterable aching, bewildering Agatha, who thought the two had quarrelled and filling with pain unspeakable the heart that was just learning its luckless secret.

"How the child frets over your leaving!" said Aunt Helen pityingly; and Leonie's sister, gazing at her, white and listless, wandering through the garden, wondered with a sudden fear, was it for that alone she suffered!

A doubt, double-barbed, shot through her mind. Guiltless herself of falsity in a single thought, it seemed unworthy, evil, treasonable to two she loved. But truth or treason it must be. Which, for the peace of all, she must find out.

It wanted only two days of her marriage, and on that last evening but one her nearest friends were gathered at The Beeches, all noting approvingly the close attendance of Mr. Orde at her side.

Once only he had left his post: when Leonie, who had obstinately refused a single song, suddenly yielded and sang, not the gayest air that used to suit her best, but the very saddest of her strains, with a tremulous pathos that ended in a sob. Then Geoffry Orde drew slowly towards her, as if scarce master of his steps, and, as the notes ceased, looked down into her fever-bright eyes with such a glance of love as Agatha had never wakened.

Standing near, with his young hostess, was the rector, looking ten years older than when he came to Wynford. People said the place couldn't suit him.

"Your sister sings with tears in her voice," said he; and, waiting vainly for a response, saw to his pain that tears were trembling, too, on his companion's dark lashes.

"I am—tired," said Miss Temple. "Will you tell Aunt Helen to bid all good night for me?" and, turning swiftly away, abruptly left her guests, of whom one departed soon, sharing, if not comprehending, the pang that drove her into solitude.

"She was tired"—a plea that barred all talk with Leonie that night, all share in the next day's preparations for the festive morrow. Geoffrey Orde, coming, as usual, early, was met by a message only—"Would he return towards evening?" And when he did return, for the first time Agatha descended from her own room, and went for a last hour with her lover.

Leonie, too restless for all company, wandered hither and thither; now flushed, now pale; betaking herself at last to the small "study," where, with her more than sister, she had worked and played her way from childhood up to now, and thence with door fast locked, she watched two figures pace across the lawn, intent on speech so earnest, neither turned or noticed her.

A book was in her hand; what book she never knew. A rose she had idly plucked fell to the ground uncared for. As the two passed from sight, the self-control, so difficult to her impulsiveness, forsook her utterly. Back into the room she shrank, covering her face; with a sharp cry of pain, whispering, "So false, so false! Ten thousand times I have deserved it all. And yet it is so hard!"

While she sat shivering through her trouble, sunbeams sank into twilight: wood pigeons cooed forth their slumber song in boughs without: and in the gloom she dared at last to weep—for herself; for him who, worst pang of all, shared her great grief; for Agatha, before the very thought of whom she cowered guiltily.

"But she shall never, never know!" she cried through her tears. "If only she can go, and I can die, she need never know."

"Never know what?" said a soft, sad voice close by; and the next instant Leonie was in her sister's arms.

"Oh, Agatha," she entreated, striving to get free, "let me go! Don't come so kindly to me! Don't ask me what I mean!"

"Wait!" said Agatha, with a wonderful calm on her pale face. "I can tell you, Leonie, what it all means. That two of us have nigh made a terrible mistake, but have found it out in time. I was slow to see it, Lono, but I know it now. I have no right to Geoffrey. He loves you best."

"Agatha——!"

"Hush he belongs to you, not me. It has been a tangled skein for both, but this is the only right way out of it; and Geoffrey sees that it is so."

"But, Agatha," urged Leonie, trembling between exceeding pain and marvellous joy, "he has never said——"

"A word. I know he has not. Both of you meant to be faithful to me. Perhaps"—with a wistful faltering in her tender voice—"it was my fault you could not be. There, darling, there!"—as Leonie wept passionately on her bosom—"let Geoffrey come to you" (his step was sounding on the path outside), "and thank God for all of us, this hour is not too late!"

How this extraordinary news was received by household and wedding guests, by poor, disappointed Mrs. Orde, by the whole startled parish, we must leave to our readers' imaginations. Long before the ferment of excitement had subsided, a quiet marriage had taken place—so Agatha had willed it, and all yielded to her—and with his bride (not portionless, as to his contrite surprise and his mother's comfort, he discovered) Geoffrey Orde was speeding away to the far East.

Till the hubbub of discussion was past, Agatha Temple deserted The Beeches, and returning after weeks of absence, brought back in her brave serenity scarce a trace of the trial that had driven her away. "Leonie is happy!" she says, and allows no tongue to blame her sister in her hearing.

Perchance her home, her people make up to her for what she lost. Perchance the very power to renounce what she did wakens mistrust as to her fitness ever to have filled the state she missed. Or perchance (and this way run many wishes) it may be dawning on her that womanhood's fair crown is yet waiting, if she will but wear it; that in her hands lies all the happiness of a man who has loved her from the first moment he saw her, and that the sure response stirring within her own heart promises a glad future as John Murray's wife.

An Undelivered Message.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

IT was a typical winter night, clear and frosty. The ground was covered with a soft carpet of glistening snow, and the brilliant scarlet berries sparkled amidst the rich green leaves of the holly boughs.

Little feet were pattering nimbly down the old Rectory avenue, and merry children's voices rang out on the clear air. There was a pleasant bustle of holiday preparation everywhere, and all hands were ready to help in the work and in the decoration of the church and house. Old Briggs, the clerk, went first with the key, and close at his heels came the children, bearing armsful of holly and ivy, and fully convinced that the principal business of the day rested on their shoulders.

Walking along more leisurely was their mother, Mrs. Waltham, the rector's married daughter, chatting pleasantly with her husband and father, and, last of all, fair Mona Norman, with her accepted lover, Harry Perrin.

It was a pretty, happy family picture, so complete that it could only be spoiled by an addition. So thought, somewhat bitterly, Muriel Norman as she stood at the drawing-room window and looked after them.

The whole management of that household was in Muriel's capable hands, and the little basket on her arm, with the various bunches of keys, was no empty insignia of office, for she was a busy, clever housekeeper, and found work enough in the Rectory and parish to keep her fully occupied. Muriel threw herself into these duties with an eagerness which might lead a shrewd observer to suspect that she courted activity with a feverish restlessness, and dreaded nothing so much as being left alone with her own reflections. It is only those who are happy in their own contemplation of past and future who can afford time for idle dreaming.

Muriel Norman was the eldest of a large family, and had reached the mature age of twenty-nine. Her younger sisters were all either married or engaged; their children gave her plenty of employment. She was a model maiden aunt, always sent for in

cause of sickness, always useful and cheerful.

Muriel should, doubtless, have been contented with such a lot, but, strange to say, she was not, and as she stood for a moment looking out of the window in the pause of her busy morning's work, she felt a keen pang to think that she was first to no one, that although she did so much for others' she was necessary to none, and that their happiness and lives were complete without her.

There rose vividly before her the memory of just such another night ten years ago. Her eye rested on the same scene without—the soft white snow, the clear blue sky, the bright holly berries. She heard the same light-hearted laughter—all the incidents were similiar—yet how different were these two! How was it possible that, with all external circumstances the same, there could be such cruel difference? Was life all altered, the world all changed, or was it only herself?

She glanced at her reflection in the looking-glass, and turned quickly away with a pitiful scorn. The little Dresden shepherdesses were as pretty as ever, the flowers on the clock dial were as fresh as ever in unfading bloom, but the bright girlish face that had flashed on that mirror had forever gone, and in its place was that of a haggard, sallow woman. Thus derided Muriel, despising the charms which were still hers, and sadly bemoaned her vanished youth.

But she was not the woman to give way to sentimental repinings, and she took herself sharply to task for having wasted any time over folly when she had so much to go through that morning. Her brother was coming home in the afternoon, and she opened the door of an old writing-table to get out some articles for the bed-room. She tossed over a few papers, took up some pens and a pen-wiper, and went on searching for a blotter. The one she was looking for was not there, but, back in the drawer, she found another. Instead of the bright pictures of the present day, the cover was made of perforated cardboard, on which were worked a wreath of forget-me-nots, and the word "Welcome!"

Muriel Norman was surely strangely unlike her usual sensible self that morning, for at sight of the pretty, if somewhat antiquated, cover she gave a sharp cry of pain and burst into tears.

It did seem very cruel to her that, when she had bravely tried to banish all recollections of the past, this old blotter should start up with all the sad associations clinging round it. She raised it almost reverently, and her lip trembled piteously as she looked at it. On that day ten years ago she had laid it on the writing-table of the spare room. It was her own work, done specially for her old playfellow and almost lover, Gerald Bently. He was her father's ward, and spent every annual holiday at the Rectory in the old days which she mourned. There had been no declaration or engagement between him and Muriel, but she felt sure that they understood each other, and that his affection for her was as deep as hers for him. However shy he or she had been in actual words, Gerald's manner—so tender and protecting for her own perfect happiness! Muriel knew she could never love just like that again, no matter what came to her. She was seized with a passionate longing for just one brief spell of the old gladness—just one moment's full joy, in which there was not "some hidden want."

But there had been a little cloud even in that happy time. Amy Reeves, her cousin, had been staying at the Rectory too—a girl whose great admiration led her to lay siege to every man who crossed her path. Gerald Bently was proof against her fascinations, but she spoiled the happy intercourse between him and Muriel. They had no opportunity of speaking alone together, and when one day a telegram arrived summoning the young man to join his regiment, nothing decided had passed between them. By ill-luck that morning, Muriel had driven over to spend the forenoon at her grandfather's, and when she returned Gerald had started. She lived over again the misery with which she heard that the man she loved so well had been called away without saying farewell; but she was sustained by the certainty that he would write to her all he had been prevented saying. Oh! the dreary waiting and watching, day after day, for the letter which never came! The hope deferred, the sickening suspense, the sharp disappointments, and the heavy dull pain, when she felt he had no intention of ever asking her to share his lot.

With the exception of a few letters to the Rectory, in which Muriel's name was scarcely mentioned, there were no tidings of Gerald Bently, and he did not come to the Rectory the following season to say good-bye before he went to India. This was why Muriel was Muriel Norman still, why the lines of sorrow were silent her pretty mouth, and the dark circles under her soft brown eyes, and why she worked incessantly to fill up the void in her life.

Amy Reeves had married and died since then. Muriel's brothers were away, her sister married, the youngest engaged. Muriel was left behind in the race—left out in the cold, somehow or other. In spite of the strong bonds of affection which existed between each member of the family. Well, there were no use crying over spilt milk; only with that other occasion brought so vividly before her mind by this old blotter turning up with all its old memories, it was almost impossible not to give way a little. She was quite sure she had got over her love for Gerald Bently. Why, only the other day she had heard that he was again at home, and she had been quite composed and not at all disturbed by the news, and never supposed for a moment that he would take the trouble to run down to the Rectory and greet his old friends. She was leaning on the blotter, which opened under her hands. There was a little fancy mirror on the table near, and as Muriel's eye fell on it she started to see reflected in it some writing in Gerald's well-known hand. The letter had evidently been written heavily, and the impression the blotting-pad was clear. The words were quite distinct when read in the glass opposite, in spite of all the years which had elapsed since they were penned—

"My Dearest Muriel"—

Her heart gave a great bound as she saw that, for she had never seen the original of the copy. She read on eagerly:

"I have just been called away, and must leave without seeing you, but I cannot go without telling you how I love you, and asking you to become my wife. You know me too well to need assurances or protestations from me. I only write what you must have understood long ago. Send a line by reply to——"

Here had been the end of the page, and nothing more was to be gleaned; but Muriel had learned enough to see that she had not loved unworthily, and that there was some mystery to be unraveled.

"Where did this letter go? What became of it?" she cried, trembling all over with excitement. She was too bewildered with the strange discovery to be conscious of anything that was going on around her.

She had not noticed a quick step on the walk outside; had not heard the servant admit a visitor. The opening of the drawing-room door first startled her into a sense of the present. Gerald Bently stood before her, and it seemed only natural that he should appear on this morning, when everything had recalled him so vividly to her mind.

Her agitation, and the tears streaming down her cheeks, surprised him.

"Why, what is the matter, Muriel?" he exclaimed.

"I never got this letter—I never got this letter!" she cried, hysterically, as she held the blotter towards him.

"I gave it to Amy Reeves, and she promised to give it into your own hands," he said.

"She never did! The wicked, cruel girl," cried Muriel, wildly.

"Then, my darling, you were true after all, and not the heartless flirt I first thought you!" exclaimed Gerald, gladly. "Thank God, I put my pride in my pocket, and came again to-night to ask you once more to be my wife."

And when the soft bells were ringing that night, Muriel, raising her tearful eyes that turned to heaven in glad thankfulness, acknowledged that her cup was running, and that her years of probation had only rendered her joy purer and more complete.

The Stain of Blood.—The general opinion is that no soldier in his military capacity can be guilty of murder, but opinion has not always been so fixed, and it is worth noticing that in forms of civilization that preceded our own, and in some existing modern races lower than our own, traces clearly appear of a sense of wrong attaching to any form of bloodshed whatever, whether of fair battle or base treachery, calling alike for the intimations of expiation and cleansing. In South Africa, for instance, the Basuto chief, on his return from war, proceeds with all his army to the nearest stream, to purify not only his own person but his javelins and battle-axe. The Zulu, too, practices ablution on the same occasion, and the Bechuana warrior wears a rude kind of necklace, to remind him of the expiation due from him to the slain and to disperse the dreams that might otherwise disturb him and perhaps even drive him to the commission of homicide.

The same feeling may be detected in the Old World. The Macedonians had a peculiar form of sacrificatory purification, which consisted in cutting a dog in half and leading the whole army, arrayed in full armor, between the two parts. As the Bœotians had the same custom, it was probably for the same reason. At Rome, for the same purpose, a sheep and a bull and a pig or boar were every year led round the army and then sacrificed to Mars. In Jewish history the prohibition to King David to build the temple was expressly connected with the blood he shed in battle. In old Greek mythology Theseus held himself unfit without expiation, to be admitted to the mysteries of Ceres, though the blood that stained his hand was that of thieves and robbers. And in the same spirit Hector refused to make a libation to the gods before he had purified his hands after battle.

To prevent delay in sending fire alarms, cards telling where the nearest alarm box is located and how to get the key are to be placed, by order of the Fire Commissioners, in conspicuous place in all the dwellings, hotels, factories, &c., of New York city.

Frauds and Imitations.

Let it be clearly understood, that Compound Oxygen is only made and dispensed by Drs. Starkey and Palen, 1100 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia. Any substance made elsewhere, and called Compound Oxygen, is spurious and worthless, and those who try it simply throw away their money, as they will in the end discover. Send for their treatise on Compound Oxygen. It will be mailed free.

Recent Book Issues.

"Without a Home," by E. P. Roe is a novel that all must be the happier and better for reading. Written primarily as a love story, its beauty of plot, its excellence of character, and fine description, aims at a most desirable object: throwing some side lights on the life of the average store girl and wherein there is room for change. It is elegantly printed, with numerous full page illustrations. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The May number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* is remarkable for the number and variety of its stories. Sergeant Ballantine's book on America is reviewed here at length and rather sarcastically treated. Our favorite Family Doctor writes on, Reform in Diet and Cookery. Mr. Wm. Trant describes, A Pilgrimage to Buddha's Tooth, in company with the Prince of Wales. On the Tramp, is an interesting account of the "walking gentlemen" out of an engagement who infest the streets and highways. Shakspeare's birthday, April 23, is celebrated in an appropriate article, and the Paris correspondent gives the latest news from the headquarters of fashion. The Departments are likewise full of excellent matter.

It is a curious fact that one of the most famous poems in our language appeared originally in a magazine that seldom touches poetry at all, and the same periodical, after an interval of sixty-six years, now brings out another poem very similar in theme. Bryant's Thanatopsis, was first printed in the *North American Review* for September 1817. The May number of the Review just out, has a poem by Robert Buchanan on The New Buddha. The critics found fault with Mr. Bryant's poem on the ground that it was un-Christian, it remains to be seen what they will say of Mr. Buchanan's. The question, "Has Christianity Benefited Woman?" is ably discussed in this number by Mrs. Cady Stanton and Bishop J. S. Spalding. President J. L. Picard writes on "Why Crime is Increasing" and David Dudley Field on "Industrial Cooperation," while Prof. Andrew F. West, of Princeton, contributes an article of great clearness and strength on "What is Academic Freedom?" James Payn, the English novelist, discusses "Success in Fiction," and J. F. Thaselton Dyer "Superstition in the English Life." The new department of Comments keeps well up to the standard with which it started. The North American Review, New York.

The Magazine of Art for May is a gala number. It is adorned with five full-page illustrations, besides smaller ones on almost every page. The frontispiece is a study of a head, a fac-simile in color, from the original by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in the British Museum. The other page pictures are: The Petition, from the original by Josselin de Jong; The Doben above Woodbridge, by Lance Speed; The head of the Orpheus, from the painting by Gustave Moreau, in the Luxembourg gallery, and David, by the same artist. East Suffolk Memories, a charming descriptive sketch by Sidney Colvin, illustrated by Lance Speed, opens the number. Pictures of Fence, a bright account of the swordsman's art, is profusely illustrated. Richard Heath continues his amusing studies of the, Fashions in Waists. To many readers Austin Dobson's paper on, Peg Woffington, will prove the most attractive in the number. There are two admirable portraits of Mistress Peggy given. These are but a few of the many admirable features of the May number.

Lippincott's Magazine for May contains several articles of interest, the principal being "Is the Monopolist Among Us?" by Edward C. Bruce, who aims to show that the dangers arising from the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of great corporations are not so great as is commonly comprehended, and will prove to be merely temporary; "New York's Lyceum School for Actors," is by A. G. Hubert, Jr., who describes the subject of theatrical Management in connection with the state of the dramatic art; Haworth and the Brontes, by Emily F. Wheeler, who sketches the sad story of the gifted sisters, and describes the rugged scenery and painful surroundings amid which they lived and died; The Home of Rubens, by Rose G. Kingsley. The number is strong in fiction.

The Quiver for May contains papers as follows: Sunday School Addresses, by a Superintendent; Temper, Good and Bad, by Rev. R. H. Lovell; A Plea for the Public, by Lord Brabazon; Nothing to Learn; Sunday Thoughts in Other Lands, by Rev. J. Stoughton; On Living to Ourselves, by Rev. E. H. Plumptre; Life's Halting Places; "O God of Bethel!" music by C. L. Williams; Childhood's Faith, by George Weatherly, Christ and His Family, by Rev. W. M. Johnston; Scripture Lessons for School and Home, Hosea, by L. T. Meade; The Growth of the New Testament, by the Venerable Arthur Gore; This is the Rest, by Rev. W. M. Statham; Dolly Sutton's Mistake. The serial stories, Mollie's Madona, and A Poor Man's Wife, are continued. The number, an excellent one, is copiously and admirably illustrated.

The English Illustrated Magazine for April among other articles contains the following: The Baby's Lullaby; A Ship of '49, by Bret Harte; Highways and Byeways; Interviewed by an Emperor; The Sirens Three; A Family Affair, serial; An Easter Holiday; Imitations of Rumanian Lays; etc., etc.

The Balance of Trade.—Scales.

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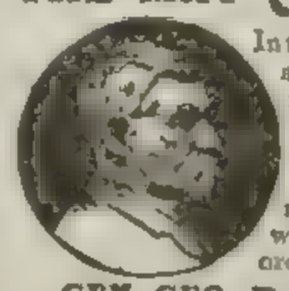


In the number of its pages, and in the size of the first edition, the May *Century* surpasses all its predecessors. It is a number especially rich in War Papers, which include: A vigorous article by

GEN. GEO. B. McCLELLAN,

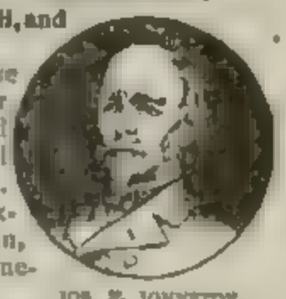
in which the writer speaks freely of his relations with Secretary Stanton, and enters fully into the plans and disappointments of

THE FIRST ADVANCE ON RICHMOND;

and three papers by the ex-Confederates,

GEN. JOS. E. JOHNSTON,

GEN. GUSTAVUS W. SMITH, and GEN. JOHN D. IMBODEN.



Gen. Johnston (whose article is a reply to Jefferson Davis) commanded against McClellan until he was wounded. Gen. Imboden relates his experiences at Bull Run, with anecdotes of Stonewall Jackson.

JOS. E. JOHNSTON.

"RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE"

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Our Young Folks.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY ROBERT ELLICE.

"I'm just now in the country for a stay,"
Said He (a little town bird)
To Her (a little brown bird),
In course of conversation, one fine day.

"I think a country life is very slow;
There's really no variety,
You never see society,
You might as well be buried, don't you know.

"In town there are so many things to do;
You cut a thousand capers,
You see the daily papers—
I think I'd live in town if I were you."

Said she, "I do not envy you town life;
The village children love me,
The blue sky is above me,
And every day is free from care and strife:
I think," said she, "it is a thousand pities,
That little birds should live in great big cities."

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKEN.

BY JULIA A. GODDARD.

"Snow, snow, snow! How it snows!
Mother Carey's plucking chickens, I suppose,"

SAID Hilda. "Snow chickens with snow feathers; she must be going to have a dinner-party!"

"Cluck! cluck! cluck! am I not a duck?"

And as the words were spoken, the window burst open and what seemed to Hilda to be a snowball rolled in at her feet. But it was not a snowball; it was a soft fluffy white bird with eyes that shone like diamonds. It got up and perched itself upon the back of a chair at some distance from the fire.

"If I go too near I may melt," said the bird.

"Who are you? Where did you come from?" asked Hilda.

"It is one of Mother Carey's chickens," said a pretty little girl with a flowered chintz dress and bare white feet, who was standing beside Hilda.

Hilda looked at her in surprise.

"Why, I thought you were on the mantel-piece!" said she. "Are you not the candlestick!"

"To-night strange things happen," said a boy in a claret-colored coat and an old-fashioned hat. "I was holding up the light on the other side, but you see I have hopped down. Are we not a pretty pair, my sister and I? We were getting very stiff standing up there for so long."

"And we are quite stiff too," said another boy and girl. "We have been kneeling down with some big bundles on our heads for so long that we want a change. I'm Colin, and this is Moll; and we want to go with you to-night."

"Where? and why to-night?" asked Hilda, "and it isn't night; it is only four o'clock."

"It is Twelfth-night," said the barefooted girl who had first spoken, "and I knew Mother Carey would send one of her chickens for us. See, I have got a basket of roses for her."

"Roses!" exclaimed Hilda, "roses in winter!"

"These are everlasting roses; they bloom all the year round."

"Then there is a dinner-party," said Hilda.

"There's an entertainment," said the chicken, "and I've come to take you all to it."

"Mount, mount, there is no time to lose.
Barefooted girl, put on your shoes;
Colin and Moll, get off your knees;
We must be off—haste, if you please."

"All of us! Five of us!" said Hilda.

"Yes, all of you." And he flapped his wing so dexterously against Hilda that he flapped her on to his back. Moll and Colin were only too glad to follow, also the girl with the roses had put on some red shoes, and her brother seated himself beside her.

Just as they were starting a voice was heard—

"Oh, don't leave us behind, we have been sitting with great fans in our hands looking at one another until we are so very tired. Do let us go and see the fun."

"Why, it's the mandarin and his wife, the China mandarin!"

The chicken was already well loaded, but he waited.

"Now, ready, ready, and sit steady!" said the chicken, when they were all seated.

Up, up, how high, and how very, very cold! Fortunately the chicken had brought ermine wraps for them all.

"Are we going as high as the stars?" asked Hilda, wonderingly.

"No," returned the chicken. "Snowland is only as high as the clouds."

"Clouds! then we shall fall through them."

The chicken coughed to prevent laughing.

"They are frozen as hard as iron," he replied.

It was not dark now, the stars were shining and the great northern lights were flashing across the skies, and they flew on and on.

* * * * *

Hilda had always pictured Mother Carey as an old woman in a mob cap, frilled apron and spectacles: she was therefore surprised to see a beautiful lady like a statue of marble with a long ermine robe and a crown of icy crystals.

"I believe it's all nonsence about her plucking chickens; I don't believe it," whispered the Rose-girl to Hilda.

Then the Rose-girl presented her roses to Mother Carey, and Colin and Moll laid their bundles at her feet.

"You can have our fans also," said the mandarin, "for I don't see what we shall do with them up here."

It was not a graceful way of presenting them, but Mother Carey smiled, and bade them all follow her.

Ah, what a wonderful place was the Snow Palace! Hundreds of lamps glittered on its walls, and they saw hundreds of white chickens just like the one that had brought them.

"I don't believe she eats the chickens," said the claret-coated boy.

"Or that we shall have them for supper," said the Rose-girl, as they entered the supper-room.

"I don't believe we shall have anything but pink and white ices," said Hilda, looking at the supper-table.

"Oh, yes, we shall," answered the Rose-girl. "There are snow pancakes and apple snowballs; and, look, there is an iced plum cake! Of course there is a cake, for this is Twelfth-night."

"With a bean in it," said Mother Carey, who, though she walked on in front could hear the faintest whisper. "Whoever gets the slice of cake with the bean will be the Bean King or the Bean Queen, and will be my snow-man or snow-maiden throughout the year."

The Rose-girl clapped her hands.

"Ah, yes, to-night is Twelfth-night indeed. I knew something would happen."

Hilda looked bewildered.

"So it is in our France," said the claret-coated boy, "and when the Bean King is so chosen all obey him as subjects; and when he drinks they cry 'the king drinks,' and all drink too. But there should be a bean for the king and a pea for the queen. But Mother Carey arranges as she pleases."

"What shall we drink?" asked Hilda.

The Rose-girl looked round.

"Iced lemonade; it is bubbling up in the glasses.

* * * * *

How funny! The chickens seated themselves gravely at the table. The mandarin nodded his head many times as much as to say, "I never saw anything like it," and his wife shook hers as if she did not quite like it. And, altogether, it was most strange spectacle.

Hilda sat next to Mother Carey and ate ices and snow pancakes.

Suddenly the great iced cake began to move up the table to where Mother Carey was sitting; She cut seven slices of cake, which the chickens gave to the seven guests, and then she said to the chickens—

"Help yourselves."

Which the chickens did so speedily—and so bountifully too—that the cake soon disappeared.

No one cared about the bean excepting Hilda and the Rose-girl and her brother.

"I have it! I have the bean! And I am the Bean Queen," exclaimed Hilda, joyfully; "your health, Mother Carey," and she raised her glass of lemonade to her lips.

"The queen drinks! the queen drinks!" cried the claret-coated boy.

"The Bean Queen!"

"My snow-maiden," said Mother Carey, kissing her.

Mother Carey's lips were very cold. Perhaps that was the reason that Hilda shivered. She closed her eyes for a moment, and when she opened them neither Mother Carey nor her chickens were to be seen; and it was very dark. Had the lights gone out?

No, but she was no longer in Snowland.

"We are with you," said the Rose-girl, "we know the way quite well. We are in a great city full of streets: this is a poor street, it will be lighter when we turn the corner."

"Where are we going?"

"Home," answered the claret-coated boy.

Presently Hilda heard a child crying; not a loud cry, but a low moaning noise.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"It's in one of the poor houses," answered the Rose-girl, "the children often cry there."

Just then they turned into a wide street blazing with lights. All the shops seemed to be confectioners' shops, and the windows were full of splendid twelfth-cakes.

"Then it is still Twelfth-night," murmured Hilda.

"Of course it is; that is why the child was crying. Twelfth-night and no cake, though the shops are full of them."

Hilda put her hand in her pocket and drew out a purse. "Why it is not mine," she said.

"Yes, it is; you are Mother Carey's snow-maiden, and she has given it to you to spend for her. You shall buy a cake for the little one."

And the Rose-girl drew Hilda into the shop, and they bought the great twelfth-cake!

"I can't make it out," said Hilda.

"Don't try," replied the claret-coated boy, "it's all right. Here!"

And he opened a door.

"Five little children sitting in a row
Shivering and crying because of the snow."

"Hallo! little ones! it's Twelfth-night," said the boy, "and here's a cake for you."

How their eyes glistened.

"I am so glad," said Hilda, "but——"

For the city had changed, and they were out on the moors in the frost and snow.

"Oh, Rose-girl, we are lost, we are lost!" said Hilda; "I am sure no one knows the road."

But the Rose-girl was kneeling down beside a dog stretched out on the cold ground.

"Is he dead?" asked Hilda.

"I don't know," answered the claret-coated boy.

"Oh dog, dog, don't die. It's Twelfth-night, and I am the Bean Queen, and Mother Carey's snow-maiden," and Hilda stooped down.

Whether it was the warmth of her arms or the sound of her voice, one cannot say, but the dog gave a low whine, then he tried to wag his tail, and at last he got up and licked Hilda's hand.

"Poor dog," said she, "you shall go with me."

"We will all go home," said the Rose-girl.

"Why, we are at home!" said Hilda. "It's like a dream, but here is the dog, so it must all be true. I shall call you Snow, good dog," said she, "or perhaps Bean might be better. Rose-girl, shall it be Bean or Snow."

But the Rose-girl was not beside her.

She looked up; and on the mantel-piece, supporting the candlestick, as she had done ever since Hilda could remember, stood the girl barefooted, with a basket of roses in her hand. On the other side was the claret-coated boy; but neither of them spoke. Colin and Moll were in their places, so were the mandarin and his wife.

Then Hilda looked at the dog again.

"Why, after all you are my own dog Rover," said she, "and to think of my not knowing you. Why, Rover, you would have been lost on the moors if I had not found you and brought you home. If I had not been Mother Carey's snow-maiden to-night, you would have perished in the frost and cold."

THE CROSS OF HONOR.

BY HENRY FRITH.

DO you see yon tree overtopping all the others on the hill above Honfleur? One of its branches is so bent that it seems to turn back almost to the stem; while another, extended, points to the distance, and its foliage has some resemblance to a large head, with a sailor's broad-brimmed hat upon it. This is the "Good Old Man of Tatouville."

About a century since the Seine changed its bed, and for several years the current kept close to the left bank, instead of running as it now does again along the right. This circumstance threw all the pilots and steersmen into no little perplexity; for they were obliged to study the river and its bed afresh, lest they should strike upon its many sand-banks, and precisely there where hitherto they had sailed in the greatest security.

An old pilot of Tatouville, who had often risked his own life when there was a chance of saving the lives of others, resolved, when no longer able to direct the helm, not to relinquish his vocation to prevent disaster, and to succor those who were in danger. And so he went every morning before dawn of day to the spot, perceptible from a great distance, on which that tree stands, and there he stayed till late at night.

Watchful and unwearied, he called out to every skipper that passed, telling him how he ought to steer, and what dangerous spots he ought to avoid, and was thus a benefactor to many thousands, till death at length summoned him from the humane duty which he had imposed upon himself.

For a service so entirely disinterested, our times would, probably have bestowed a bit of red riband and a cross, and, perhaps a paragraph in a newspaper, commendatory of the giver and receiver; it may be, too, not so much as that, unless chance had conveyed the name of the man to the drawing-room of some minister.

The grateful Normans chose a memorial of the "Good Old Man of Tatouville," as the sailors call the pilot, and a living one, which every year bears green leaves, and bright blossoms, and fair fruit.

And then the people without ceremony made a saint of the good man of Tatouville, and conferred on him the gift of performing miracles, because in his lifetime he had rendered kind offices to his fellow-creatures.

They relate, concerning this tree, that, when the pilot of Tatouville felt that the day was approaching on which Death would call him from his post, he prayed to God for a successor, upon which the staff that supported the hoary seaman struck root in the ground, grew up, assumed the shape of the "Good Man," and has from that time pointed the way to vessels in his stead.

The tree was called after him, and it is venerated by the people like the shrine of a saint; and the parishes of the whole country round contribute their quota for its protection and preservation, because, as we have observed, it is still the blooming and fruit-bearing guide and director of the navigator.

Here is the history of another Norman pilot and his family, with which all our readers may not be familiar:—

In the night of the 31st of August, 1777, in a most tremendous storm, a vessel attempted to run into the harbor of Dieppe.

Boussard, the pilot, who was never missing when the tempest raged, was on the pier, and seeing that the captain of the ship make several false manœuvres, he called to him with his speaking-trumpet, directing him what to do, and strove by gestures to render himself intelligible.

Owing to the storm and darkness, his efforts proved unavailing, and the ship struck about thirty fathoms above the pier. Everybody, excepting Boussard, gave up the crew for lost.

Determined to save them, he was going to tie a rope round his body, in order to carry it to the ship; but his wife and children and friends surrounded him and besought him, by all that was sacred, not to rush uselessly into certain destruction.

Boussard, listening only to the voice of humanity, reproached his friends with their cowardice, and at length prevailed upon them to take home his wife and children. Having tied one end of the rope round him, and fastened the other to the pier, he plunged into the sea.

Twenty times did the waves hurl him back upon the beach, and as often did he plunge again into the raging billows. A fresh wave flung him towards the ship, and he disappeared beneath her.

A cry of horror proclaimed his destruction; but he had only dived to lay hold of a sailor whom the sea had swept from the deck, and whom he contrived to take senseless to the shore.

A last attempt to reach the ship proved successful. He climbed her side, and conveyed to the crew the rope, by which they were drawn ashore one after another.

But Boussard had not yet finished his glorious work. Exhausted with his exertions, he was conducted by his friends to the nearest house.

A gust of wind wafted to the shore the cry of a passenger who had been left behind, and Boussard soon learned that there was another fellow-creature to save. He felt his strength renewed, and before those about him were aware, he had rushed out of the house, plunged again into the sea, and was battling with the same difficulties which he had before encountered, and which he overcame with the like success.

The passenger was saved. Eight out of ten persons owed their lives to his courageous exertions.

Louis XVI. made him a present of a thousand francs, and settled on him a pension of three hundred. He was appointed keeper of the pier lighthouse—an office which has ever since been held by the Boussards, descending from father to son: and not a year passed unmarked by deeds worthy of the first possessor.

Close to the parapet of the pier of Dieppe is a pole, covered with copper, to which is fastened a chain. Here, in every storm since 1777, whether in the night or the day, a Boussard has taken his station, clinging to the chain, and served as a warning voice to whom danger and the tempestuous sea pursued into the harbor; and though the waves broke over him, though they washed him from his post of honor, rising from their bosom, he would again give advice with his speaking-trumpet, in defiance of the sea and all its efforts.

Fifty times has a Boussard risked his life to save the lives of others.

Napoleon ordered a house to be built for him close to the spot where the first Boussard performed his heroic achievement. He gave him the Cross of Honor.

For more than half a century, whenever there has been a vessel or a fellow-creature to save, the people have asked, "Have we no Boussard here?"

To remember Boussard is to recall the marvellous courage and endurance of the British hero, Rogers, who, with a rope tied round him, swam from the deck of the ill-fated Royal Charter through the boiling surf of the Anglesey coast, and saved over fifty people.

USE OF THE HANDKERCHIEF.—The neglect to properly provide children with handkerchiefs and teach them the use of those articles, is perhaps, the most nearly direct cause of catarrhal diseases.

It is really astonishing how few children are, at all times, supplied with a handkerchief, and many of those who are, seem to think it is merely for ornament, and continually swallow what by careful attention, they might save themselves the disagreeable necessity of doing. I have many times called the notice of parents to this, I believe, largely preventable evil of catarrh in their children. But even those who would in no way neglect the teeth of their little ones, fail to comprehend that the use of the handkerchief should be taught and enforced as well as that of the tooth-brush.

It seems as if some one might make a vast fortune and do an incalculable amount of good by manufacturing paper handkerchiefs for home use. They could be readily burned and might be afforded twelve for a cent. Newspaper handkerchiefs can meanwhile be provided and their use strictly enforced by careful mothers; especially within the first hour after the children are dressed and washed in the morning.

There is little doubt but this course perseveringly adopted by all, would save the present and future generations much unnecessary suffering from that dreadful malady chronic catarrh.

In the times of one of the Henrys of England there was an order given to supply the royal household with—"Eleven dozen handkerchiefs to cleanse the nose from all uncleanliness."

It was not until the time of Josephine, Empress of France, that the handkerchief was used for any other purpose.

She always carried one in her hand, which, it is said, she often raised to her face as she spoke, in order it was believed, to conceal her teeth which were not beautiful.

SYLVIA A. MOSS.

A NEBRASKA tailor has coined a new word, as will be seen by his advertisement, reading; "Just received the most complete assortment of suitings and 'pantings' ever offered," etc. We have "suitings," "shirting" stockings," etc., why not "pantings?"

DUNCAN DALE.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

I am not the lass you wooed,
  Handsome Duncan Dale;
Notice well my thin grey hair,
  And my cheeks so pale.

You are not the lad for whom
  My heart kept so true,
Trusting in your whispered words,
  "I will come for you."

Sad and weary was my way,
  But I firmly trod,
The narrow path of duty,
  Keeping faith in God.

You became a mariner
  Sailing o'er the sea,
Bolder faces, falser tongues,
  Won your thoughts from me.

Now a skeptic in all things,
  That make marriage true,
You have come to wed the lass
  Whom you once did woo.

I am not she, pass me by,
  Seek some fairer face,
Put some younger, happier wife,
  In my destined place.

I have mourned you all these years,
  Memory will not fail
To cherish as most sacred,
  Thoughts of Duncan Dale.

But forever, long ago—
  Oh, the bitter pain!
We parted sweetheart and, alas,
  Cannot meet again.

IDEAS, NEW AND OLD.

THE word from which our word, "idea" comes is Greek, and in that language generally means something that may be beheld or seen. If, however, the old Hellenes were alive at the present day, they would have their ideas so lively that it is more than probable from being one of the most active people of antiquity, they would become most tired and strongly desirous of rest. Everything now-a-days seems to be novelty. New notions in good, new notions in bad, newness in beauty, newness in its opposite.

The latest phase of French fashion is the invention by a society leader of what he calls the Tricolor quadrille. Of the eight couples composing the quadrille half the gentlemen wear red coats, the other half blue coats, and all of them white knee breeches, while all the ladies are in white. This presents a perfectly prismatic picture, which the quadrille movement makes kaleidoscopic. It is proposed to get up a cosmopolitan ball where the dancers shall represent the national colors of every government in Europe.

A daring landlord in Berlin has introduced paper plates. Bread and butter, cakes and similar articles were served on a pretty papier-mache plate, having a border in relief, and resembling porcelain. The landlord liked them because they were so cheap they could be thrown away after once using, waiters liked them for their lightness, and because they were neither to be washed nor broken, and guests were delighted to take them away as souvenirs.

The average public speaker says in an hour what, if printed, would fill fifteen octavo pages. If the ordinary conversation of one day of persons in private life be estimated equivalent to four hours consecutive speaking, a man says in one week what, if printed, would be an octavo volume of 320 pages. In one year he speaks fifty-two volumes, and in thirty years he would have an extensive library of 1500 volumes. Compare this with the ancient Lacedemonians, with whom fewness of words was always the sign of learning and intelligence!

A late way of robbing letters is to select those bearing several stamps, after removing which a slit is cut in the envelope, and the valuables removed. The cut is then covered up and the stamps replaced. In letters containing money, and bearing more than one stamp, the French Government recommends, in an order just issued, that the stamps be placed on the envelope about one-eighth of an inch apart.

Dumb pianos are recommended for the use of music schools where the constant din of practice often causes nervous headache, and impairs the musical sense. The mute piano has a full key board, but has no strings nor sounding board. It would be valuable for any neighborhood, and the practice might be extended to mute cornets, mute brass bands and other instruments.

The garbage and street sweepings of London are now destroyed in a vast furnace erected on the bank of the Thames, near Waterloo bridge. The shaft is 150 feet high, and is lined with fire-brick to the height of thirty feet. It is sixteen feet in external diameter at the base. The cost was $60,000. The ashes are carried down the river in barges and are used to mix with clay for brickmaking. The clinkers are ground up and used in making mortar.

It has been found that puppies brought up under different-colored lights have had strikingly different characteristics developed. Red puppies were found to be particularly devoid of pugnacity. Blue did not conduce to sweetness of disposition, while green was found to be the most educational color of all. Verdant green puppies exhibited extreme liveliness, cheerfulness and playfulness, accompanied by ease and gracefulness of motion, and were invariably good-natured and kind. Green glass in place of blue panes in recommended for the nursery.

Colored people are more successfully photographed, as a rule, than white people are, the medium mulatto making the finest photograph in the world. Light complexions are hardest to take, and light colored clothing does not look well in pictures. It is impossible to photograph a diamond, as it looks like a pebble or a fish-scale. In taking pictures of animals, cats are the best sitters.

Grains of Gold.

Striking manners are bad manners.

As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is.

Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth.

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone.

Gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation, and not to be found among gross people.

Knowledge is power. Improve every occasion for adding to your store of understanding.

It is a poor wit who lives by borrowing the words, decisions, mien, inventions, and action of others.

Thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams.

Foolishness places itself in the foremost rank to be observed; intelligence stands in the hindmost to observe.

Some men are called sagacious because they are avaricious; whereas a child can clench its fist the moment it is born.

Charity excuses weakness, extenuates miscarriage, makes the best of everything, forgives everybody, and serves all.

The talent of turning others into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the qualification of ill lo minds.

The too frequent use of authority impairs it. If thunder were continual, it would excite no more sensation than the noise of a mill.

It is within your power to enjoy the present; do not postpone your happiness. Be happy now, and resolve to be happy whenever you can.

There is no greater danger, and there is no greater evil in home life than the all-too-general habit of giving way to passing moods of ill-temper.

If a note is lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it, if the consideration for which it was given and the amount can be proven.

The moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty or oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last.

A man's charity to those who differ from him upon great and difficult questions will be in the ratio of his own knowledge of them; the more knowledge the more charity.

A man's conscience is his sole tribunal; and he should care no more for that phantom "opinion" than he should fear meeting a ghost, if he crossed the graveyard at dark.

A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet without notice he dismisses his thought because it is his.

The world is always willing to believe that he who has any faculty more intensely strong than themselves, must have others as intensely weak. Thus they lay the flattering unction to their souls as soothing to their own incapacity.

Eternity is crying out to you louder and louder, as you near its brink. Rise, be going! Count your resources; learn what you are not fit for, and give up wishing for it; learn what you do, and do it with the energy of a man.

We are none of us infallible, though so many of us fondly imagine ourselves to be so, but we have all much to learn, much to unlearn; and, if we are really sincere seekers after truth, we should be willing to be enlightened, even if it be by the aid of an antagonist.

There is nothing innocent and good that dies and is forgotten; let us hold to that faith or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in the cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those that loved it, and play its part, through them, in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the depths of the sea.

Femininities.

Morphine parties are popular in Paris.

Heliotrope is now the favorite perfume.

When a thing is done, advice comes too late.

In India it costs more to get married than to die.

The girl who has address can win a great many addresses.

The Kansas Legislature has four girls among its pages.

A woman's love for a military officer is generally uniform.

It is not well to tackle a dove and a hawk to draw the chariot of love.

A Brooklyn woman is said to be training her pet dog to skate on rollers.

One quarter of the women in Germany are laborers, and they do about three-quarters of the work, too.

"I think, wife, that you have a great many ways of calling me a fool."—"I think, husband, you have a great many ways of being one."

Mrs. Grant is reported as saying that the happiest period of her life was when the general was lying at Galena, on a salary of $80 a month.

Ninon de l'Enclos, the famous French beauty, who was world-renowned for the beauty of her complexion, used rain-water exclusively.

In proportion as we recognize more fully the truest work and culture of human life, we shall appreciate the sphere and influence of women.

Cultivate the habit of listening to others; it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantage it will be to you when you marry.

Of six hundred and twelve young ladies who fainted last year, more than one-half fell into the arms of gentlemen. Only three had the misfortune to fall on the floor.

A scientist has found that a woman's ear can perceive higher notes than a man's. This is the reason why the woman always wakes up first when the baby cries in the night.

A middle aged spinster, at a recent woman's rights convention, said she did not care for female suffrage unless it carried with it the right to make proposals of marriage.

The old lady who asked for a gold ring sixteen parsnips fine, was probably related to the elderly gentleman who said his daughter was attending the conversatory of music.

A Lynn, Mass., paper thinks that it would be economy to marry an Irish girl, for, if a man should marry an American girl, he would have to hire an Irish girl to take care of her.

If there were a Miss Robinson Crusoe on a desolate island, with no one to please her but her own reflection in the water, she would yet every day make and wear the newest fashions.

A little girl whose general idea of Scripture was better than her knowledge of detail, in quoting a well-known passage rendered it as follows: "Man is born, and woman is full of trouble."

There are more than three thousand women employed in the Austrian railway offices. They are paid from $15 to $30 a month. Nearly all of them are widows of men who have died in railroad service.

Bub—"Are you going to be my new papa?" Accepted suitor—"Yes, my dear child." "Have you your wig yet?" "Wig? Why, no; I don't need a wig. Why do you ask?" "My other papa always said he was thankful his hair wasn't fast to him."

In many districts of Japan people resort, in their anxiety to prolong the lives of their children, to the custom of bestowing upon their offspring names ordinarily given to infants of the opposite sex whenever death has made frequent visits to the household.

"There's a sad case," said old Mrs. Squaggs, as she laid the paper on her knees, and wiped her spectacles; "a bride struck dumb after leaving the altar, and at last accounts hadn't recovered her speech." "It's the way of the world, my dear," said old Mr. Squaggs, with a sigh; "it's the way of the world—some men have all the luck."

"Your trip to Italy must have been very pleasant," said one of the most intelligent young ladies of Camden to Jones, who had just returned from a foreign strand. "Very interesting indeed," answered he. "Now tell me," said she, "does Italy really look like a boot? You know that's the way it looks on the map."

A couple of tons of powder exploded in Salt Lake City the other day, wrecking everything in the neighborhood, and shaking the whole town. A deaf old woman who lives a couple of blocks away pricked up her ears and said: "Come in?" Then she said to her daughter: "Law me, I do believe I'm getting back my hearing!"

A small actor was acting in some forgotten piece with an abnormally ponderous actress, whom he was supposed to carry off half fainting on his back. But his arms were too short to embrace the well-developed figure of the lady. One of the "gallery gods," taking pity on the superhuman efforts of his favorite actor, shouted out: "Make two trips of it!"

"I tell you I shall do as I please!" shouted Mrs. Miff. "Well, well, my dear, I didn't say you couldn't," replied Mr. Miff. "And you can't stop me!!" "I didn't say I could." "You'd better not try!!!" "Indeed, indeed, my dear, I won't." "That just shows how such a brute cares for his wife!!!" And Mrs. Miff prepared to cry her eyes out.

Mme. Poolain, the young wife of a well-to-do merchant, was seen by her husband to secrete a paper when he entered the room, and, as she refused to say what it was, he levelled a revolver (which everyone seems now-a-days to carry in Paris) at her, and, she being still obdurate, he at length fired, wounding her in the hip. Then, horrified, she threw herself from the third story window, breaking one arm and two legs. Madame is likely to recover. It was only a rather long milliner's bill.

Masculinities.

If you meet a young lady who isn't at all shy, you had better be a little shy yourself.

"Tombstone front" is the term applied to a "biled" shirt by the poetic citizens of Arizona.

Many men and women have sad occasion to know that two do not necessarily make a pair.

An Albany lady has sent the President a crazy quilt, made entirely of political campaign badges.

The reason why a good many men don't get married is they are afraid to come to the "scratch."

"Courtin'," says Artemus Ward, "is like strawberries-and-cream—wants to be did slow; then you git the flavor."

Temperance, when effectually realized, is full of loveliness and joy, and virtue and purity are the elements in which it lives.

A graduate of the University of Michigan, who is a good Greek and Latin scholar, is doing duty as a policeman in Detroit.

A Georgia town has a citizen whose whiskers are black on one side and white on the other. His moustache is white.

While arranging in an undertaker's office in Brooklyn for his wife's burial, a resident of that city, died suddenly last week.

A $20 confederate bill was recently passed on a San Francisco Chinaman. The Chinese seem to be convenient to have around after all.

A French scientist has written a pamphlet which proves theoretically that the future man will have a large brain but no natural teeth.

Elizabethtown, this State, boasts of a "lad" who, although only nineteen years of age, is six feet ten inches high and wears a thirteen shoe.

Boston has a man milliner who makes such too-too-utterly sweet bonnets that Boston women look almost pretty in them. His fortune is assured.

Although the owner of considerable real estate, from which he derives a large income, a citizen of San Francisco, peddles fruit about the streets of that city.

The Chilian miner is considered the strongest man in the world, and he lives principally on the lentil, the cheapest and most nutritious food known for its weight.

A woman in a London police court lately applied for an injunction against her husband for hugging her so hard. She said that it put her heart out of place and she could not stand it.

In one issue of a Utica paper, recently, were accounts of no less than four suicides, two of which were ascribed to despondence over the loss of wives, and a third to the interference of a young man's family in his love affairs.

The craze for lady barbers is dying out. After a man has had his face cut bias, his throat shirred and his hair pompadoured and has been talked to death he naturally returns to the male barber and takes chloroform or laughing gas.

A peculiarity of a Sullivan county, (N. Y.) man, noted by a Utica paper is that he sheds all his finger nails and two of his toe nails every year. The old nails are crowded off the ends of the fingers by the new nails growing behind and under them.

The Queen of England never wears officially, any state robes, excepting only at her coronation, when she goes to Westminster Abbey in crimson, and is there invested with purple, and when she visits Parliament, when she is attired in red.

Thomas Jefferson built at Charlotteville, Va., in 1823, a small observatory. On the site of this modest structure there has now been erected an observatory, which cost $64,000; has an endowment of $75,000, and is fitted with a new 26-inch telescope which cost $40,000.

In Brooklyn, recently, an old man was arrested for begging, but at the hearing it was explained by the daughter that he was possessed of a religious mania, and gave what he realized from begging to some needy institution, for dropped it into the poor box at church.

Fashionable wife: "Did you notice, dear, at the party last evening, how grandly our daughter Clara swept into the room?" Husband (with a grunt)—"Oh, yes, Clara can sweep into a room grandly enough, but when it comes to sweeping out a room she isn't there."

A fine marble portrait statue of a Roman lady has just been discovered in Rome. It is sculptured in spotless Parian marble, of the rarest quality. The right hand, which was raised, is unfortunately wanting, and the nose and the tips of both great toes have been bruised. A Greek inscription on the plinth states that it was erected to an intelligent mother-in-law by her son-in-law, Eubouleon.

Guardian's meeting.—Workhouse boy, who had been apprenticed to a small farmer, brought up, as he had run away. Guardian—"Did they beat you?" Boy—No, sir." Guardian—"Then why did you run away?" Boy—"Please, sir, soon after I got there a pig died; they salted it, and we had fur to eat it. Then a calf died; they salted it, and we had fur to eat that; then master's grandmother died, and I seed 'um takin' some salt up-stairs, so I runn'd away."

President Cleveland signs his letters "Yours truly." Mr. Hayes wrote "Sincerely yours." Garfield, "Very truly yours," and ex-President Arthur usually appended "Faithfully yours" to his correspondence. Mr. Arthur made the prettiest copy, but rarely wrote. Garfield was a writing master in his youth, but grew careless in his chirography, and usually dictated to a stenographer. Mr. Hayes, on the other hand, seemed to delight in writing himself.

Mr. B.: "These biscuits remind me of mother's." Mrs. B.: "Well, I declare! Have you gone crazy?" Mr. B.: "Crazy, my dear? Of course not!" Mrs. B.: "Well, I never expected to hear you say that any of my cooking resembled your mother's! She was a wonderful cook, I have no doubt, for you have said so thousands of times." Mr. B.: "Yes, she certainly was. In fact there was only one dish she ever failed in." Mrs. B.: "What was that?" Mr. B.: "Biscuits."

Dimpleton Lane.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

A FEW years ago I was residing in the neighborhood of Garryston—a venerable borough dating its charter of incorporation from the days of Edward II.

It is a quaint, sleepy old place, waking up thoroughly but once in the week, on market day, when its ancient cross is the centre of a busy, picturesque scene, lasting for two or three hours, and then vanishing for another week.

Going into the town one market-day, at its busiest hour, I came upon a woman haggling with a man over a basket of butter.

"No! I shan't tek fifteen, if I hav to tek my butter back. Yar not gooin' to do ma out of a penny a pound, as ya dun last week. An a bonny time I've hed weth owd mon ever sen. I mun hev sixteen or nowt. Soa naw!"

Nothing daunted, however, the badger, in a softening, coaxing tone, repeated his offer. This only added fuel to the fire, and the old dame, angrier than ever, cried out—

"Hen ya getten a sowl? Wheerever d'ya think a gooin' to when ya dee? If ya doan't mind, Dimpleton ghoost 'll get owd on ya."

"Doan't be tryin' that game wi' me, owd lass," said the fellow. "Bigg'st ghoost as ever walked could na freeten me."

"Hey, but this is a real ghoost, and non mistek," rejoined the old lady. "It nearly freeten'd poostman out uv his sonses, last Thorsda neet, as he wer comin' fra th' station weth letter bags. That's the trewth! for I hed it fra owd Molly Pinkerton, girt aunt to th' poostman, this varra mornin', as I coom into t' market. Soa naw!"

This aroused the dealer's curiosity, and, at his request, the old dame, forgetting both her wrath and her butter, told him the story as she had heard it from old Molly.

It seems that, as the postman was coming from the railway station with the mail-bags, late on the previous Thursday evening, as usual, just past Dimpleton house he was startled by a noise in the hedge and, on looking round was horrified to see a white figure step out in the road, walk slowly across, and disappear through the opposite hedge.

This was the ghost's first appearance, but by no means the last. It was the main talk for several market days. "Hen ya sin'th ghoost yet?" became the common greeting of the country side.

There was one thing about these ghostly appearances rather significant. They were very generally made to but one individual, sometimes to two, but never to three or more.

Walking late in Dimpleton Lane one starlit night, some three or four weeks after the postman's scare, and for the moment quite oblivious of the circumstance, it was suddenly recalled by a figure in the road coming towards me.

For an instant I felt my flesh creep, a strange shiver passed over me, and my teeth chattered as from ague. But having reasoned myself long ago out of all belief in ghosts and goblins I soon recovered self-possession, and began to observe this thing of the night.

It was clad in a shroud from top to toe. Hands and face seemed all aglow, as with a hidden fire. And the eyes shone out of their hollow sockets with a brilliant, unearthly light.

I stood and waited for the apparition to approach me. Seeing me do this it brisk-ened its pace for a few steps, then slackened again, and finally halted a few yards from where I stood. After facing me a few seconds it began to retreat sideways, keeping its horrible eyes still upon me.

It struck me however, that the footfall was rather too heavy for a ghost. For ghosts like the gods, are shod with wool. The suspicion thus raised was increased by some other unghost-like movement. Immediately I darted forward, with outstretched hands, intent on proving my suspicion. But, as I did so, the thing vanished through the hedge with a wild, unearthly laugh.

I went home and to bed, but only to pass a restless, dreamy night, amid shrouded forms, spectral faces, and wild laughter.

I resolved to keep my night's adventure to myself and see further. I thought it expedient to be quiet for awhile, lest the ghost should take itself off altogether and leave the mystery unsolved.

* * * * * *

A night came at length when I thought I might make another attempt with a chance at success. For it had been reported that the ghost had been seen again by a servant at Dimpleton House who had fainted at the sight of the white horror. So putting on a long "ulster" and a close-fitting cap—a contrast to the dress I wore on the previous occasion—and armed with a stout stick, I sallied out in the direction of Dimpleton Lane, which was not far from my residence.

I had previously arranged for Lion to be let loose at the sound of my whistle. Lion was a grand brute, half mastiff and half bloodhound.

He had been with me from a puppy; had become my daily companion; and was trained to answer every call. Strangely enough he was not with me at my first encounter with the ghost, or the mystery would soon have been cleared.

Not a single person knew of my design. And the orders about Lion were so often given that they awakened no curiosity on his particular occasion. Reaching Dimpleton Lane, I sauntered slowly along as if for an after-supper stroll. As I neared the haunted place, I quickened my pace and whistled a tune, as if to keep my courage up. Just then an owl began to hoot, there was a slight rustle in the hedge, and then—the ghost!

It was only a few yards away, and stood for a second or two staring at me with his hollow eyes, which, as before sent out a lurid light, not so much from the eye itself as from the surrounding parts.

I slackened a little, but did not stop, much to the wonder of the ghost, which began to retire, finally turning round and making for the point of its previous disappearance.

I rushed after and reached the gap just as the thing swept through. I followed and bade it stop; but was answered by the wild yell I had heard before.

We were now on the open field, though under the shadow of an overhanging wood, to a distant part of which the ghost was rapidly making its way. The white shroud, however, revealed every movement and saved me from being baulked a second time.

I grasped my stick firmly and rushed on. I found myself gaining ground. In another instant I had clutched the ghost by the arm. The glaring eyes turned upon me, and the lips once more broke into that unearthly laugh. But in spite of a vague feeling of terror I kept my hold. We struggling, fell.

That horrible face looked down into mine, grinning with triumph. Two strong hands pinned my arms fast to the ground, and two strong knees were pressed on my chest.

We remained thus a few minutes, and I felt myself growing faint under my burden, when I found that one of my arms was free.

I opened my eyes and looked up. The great yellow eyes were still glowering down upon me: but the ghost seemed to be fumbling for something in its breast, and I thought I saw something flash like bright steel. What could it be? Was it a knife? Was I to be butchered in my helplessness? My blood ran cold at the thought.

I was about to cry out for help when I suddenly remembered Lion. Snatching my whistle quick as thought from a pocket that was happily free, I put it to my lips, and managed to sound it feebly before it was plucked from my hands again.

The ghost evidently thought the sound too slight to attract attention, for it kept its position; but Lion's quick ear had heard the familiar signal, and in little more than a minute was at my adversary's throat, and would have torn it open had I not retained him.

It was now the ghost's turn to feel himself helpless in the presence of superior brute force, and as he lay on the grass with Lion standing over him he begged for mercy.

"Well," I said, "the dog shall not harm you, but you must give me some explanation of this strange affair. Take that frightful shroud off, and that hideous mask."

He slipped the shroud off at once.

"What in the world made you set up for a ghost and frighten folks out of their senses?" I said. "You've made a fine sensation."

"Well," he replied, "if ya'll nobbut keep my secret a little bit longer, I'll tell ya aw about it."

I agreed to this if the explanation proved satisfactory.

He had rented an old orchard in Dimpleton Lane, but being close to the road, and unguarded by any house, passers-by took the liberty of helping themselves so freely that, for a year or two, scarcely an apple had been left for himself.

Wondering what he should do, one day the thought struck him that he would dress himself as a ghost and make a few appearances near the orchard to get it the reputation of being haunted. His ruse had succeeded beyond expectation. Superstition had proved a more effectual guard than padlock or hedge of thorn or holly.

His trick had been nearly discovered one night, however, when he had been withstood and followed by a solitary traveller. He only just managed to escape.

When I told him I was that traveller, and inquired where he had disappeared so suddenly, he took me to a large hollow, something like a huge rabbit burrow, at the root of a thorn bush, the mouth of which was well screened with brambles. Here he could lie down at full length, quite safe from observation.

"But what were you groping for in your breast when you had me on the ground?" I said.

He seemed greatly tickled at this question, and laughed outright.

"Come," I went on, "it's no laughing matter, my good fellow, or rather it was not so to me a few minutes ago. Why, when I saw something gleam I thought it was a knife with which you were about to maim or murder me."

"Why, I wor nobbut feelin' for me ankecher; and th' breet thing wor nobbut a brass button," and then he laughed again, and this time I joined him.

It was now nearing midnight, and as I had been out nearly an hour, I felt I must go in at once if I would prevent suspicion.

In bidding the ghost good-night I freely forgave him the bruises I had received in my fall, for the cleverness of his stratagem, and I promised to keep his secret until his purpose was accomplished.

True to the promise, the apparition ceased when the apples were gathered. And now, several years having passed since it was "laid," I feel free to tell the story of "The Ghost of Dimpleton Lane."

WIGS AND THEIR WEARERS.

"MAKE wigs, make wigs, make wigs!" was the pointed injunction written by Voltaire upon the MS. of a perukemaker who sent some verses for the opinion of the great philosopher and poet. The advice has since been employed as a sort of "let the cobbler stick to his last" proverb; it counsels men to adhere to their legitimate business, instead of entering upon strange and vain pursuits.

The business of wig-making is well worthy of attention. In these days, when nearly every industry and every institution is historiographed, it might be made the subject of an interesting volume.

Like many of our arts and handicrafts, its origin is of unknown antiquity. In the British Museum and the Berlin Museum are Egyptian hair wigs which are said to be four thousand years old. There can be no doubt, in short, that the use of false hair for the purpose of covering baldness has been familiar in every age and country.

The word "wig" has a well defined and respectable pedigree. It is a contraction of periwig, the offspring of the French *perruque*, which came from the Italian *perruca*, and which again came from the Latin *pilucca*, a head of hair; *pilare*, to pluck off the hair; and *pilus*, the hair.

A general use of wigs began about the middle of the sixteenth century. Henry III. of France wore one to conceal the baldness occasioned by sickness; and his courtiers followed his example, like other imitators of big-wigs even in our own times.

Gradually the artificial covering came into use as an ornament. Instead of remaining a dexterously arranged imitation of locks that were no more, it became a structure at once marvelous, gigantic, ugly, uncomfortable. It was in the reign of Louis XIII. (1610-1643) that this fashion began to be rapidly and widely extended, first in France, and then throughout all Europe.

Wigs appear to have been known in England as early as the reign of Edward VI.; they are referred to in the wardrobe account of that monarch.

For over a hundred years the dress of every gentleman of fashion was incomplete without a wig. The head-gear, in course of time, became larger and larger, until it culminated in the enormous and ludicrous encumbrance—"large enough to have loaded a camel"—worn by gentlemen who flourished in the reign of the good Queen Anne, in which age the fashion may have said to have been at its height.

At that time a wig for a beau of the first water cost $700. An advertisement in 1724 preserves the various names of the article then in use.

The advertiser says at his establishment "all gentleman may be furnish'd with all sorts of Perukes, as Full-Bottoms, Tyes, Full-Bobs, Ministeros-Bobs, Naturalls, Half-Naturalls, Grecian-Flyes, Curley-Boys, Airy-Lavants, Qu-Perukes, and Bagg Wiggs."

The first indications of the decline and fall of the wig were given in the reign of George III. It would appear that at time the absurdity and unnaturalness of the head-dress became evident to the public.

One of the chief signs of the dissolution of the custom is supplied by a petition of the peruke-makers of London to His Majesty, George III. in 1765. In it the petitioners pathetically set forth the distresses not only of themselves, but also of a large number of others who were dependant on them, arising from the almost universal decline of their trade in consequence of gentlemen wearing their own hair.

The subject of the petition led to the publication of a rather smart pamphlet, which professed to be a petition of the *Body Carpenters* of London, imploring His Majesty to wear a wooden leg.

Both wigs and powder disappeared from France during the great Revolution. After the Revolution here, too, it is said that no fancy wigs were to be found among the free and enlightened citizens of the States.

However that may be, it is certain that towards the close of the last century the use of wigs had gradually become obsolete in this country, being for a time superseded by the queue with hair-powder, which came down almost to our own time.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that nowadays wigs are only professionally worn by English judges and barristers. Clergymen and other dignitaries of the Church ceased to wear them many years ago. The large wig of a judge is what in bygone days was known as a full-bottom wig.

But although wigs, as appendages of fashion, have gone from our midst, the trade in the real article, which is intended to hide imperfections, flourishes to a degree that must surprise those who pay little heed to minor industries.

Who could tell that the troubles between China and France were likely to raise wigs? —the price, not the hair. That such is in reality the case, however, is clearly shown by a communication from a correspondent, who says that wig-making in Marseilles has been seriously affected by the war. It appears that this trade forms one of the most important minor industries of Marseilles. By the hair-artists of that town female heads all over Europe are wigged. It is the chief hair market in Europe, and imports about eighty tons of hair every year.

If you want to lighten your wife's labor see that the inside of the house is frequently painted. A fresh coat of paint in a room will do more towards making it clean and tidy than all the scrubbing and cleaning that a woman's hands can give it.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS

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Sore Throat,
Inflammation,
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Headache,
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Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS
in from one to 20 minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.
It was the first,

AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
If seized with threatened

PNEUMONIA,

or any Inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, etc., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient by its action of counter-irritation, and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instructions, see our directions wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

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For the Cure of all CHRONIC DISEASES.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Venereal Diseases, (see our Book on Venereal—price, 25 cts), Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

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Of all kinds, particularly Chronic Diseases of the Skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean obstinate cases that have resisted all other treatment.

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A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

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Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.
Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists.

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Hundreds of maladies spring from this complaint. The symptoms of this disease are the symptoms of a broken down stomach, Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, Pain after Eating,—giving rise sometimes to the most excruciating colic,—Pyrosis, or Water Brash, etc., etc., etc.

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Aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, is a cure for this complaint. It restores strength to the stomach, and makes it perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicines according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No 32 Warren Street, New York.**
☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

GENERAL GRANT'S CASE.

"Someone Has Blundered!" Can it be Possible?

The New York Herald says: "If General "Grant should recover from a disease which "should prove not to have been what it has "been described, then his medical attendants * * will be expected to explain the reasons for one of the most remarkable "instances of discrepancy ever recounted in "the history of medical practice."

The other day an eminent young physician in the last stages of consumption, unable longer to talk, called for pen and paper and indistinctly wrote this advice to his physicians: "Make dying comfortable."

This seems to have been the sole purpose of General Grant's attending physicians. They were making dying comfortable, but they were not curing their patient. He amazes them by getting better!!

The utter failure rightly to diagnose and properly to treat General Grant's disorder was a serious blunder, emphasizing what has so often been said, that professional treatment, being purely experimental, is just as likely to be wrong as right.

Had the general an ulcer on his arm the physicians would have treated it scientifically, very scientifically. He might have recovered or they might have cut his arm off. Some dear old soul of a grandmother however, might have treated the sore by some "old woman's remedy" and healed it but there would have been no "professional science" in such a proceeding, as her remedy would not be one recognized by the code.

The general's physicians excuse themselves, we are told, because the condition of the throat was hidden from sight. There are thousands of cases where disease is hidden from sight, where the symptoms are very obscure and conflicting. The physicians will treat every day's symptoms but they do not cure, and finally the patient dies. Then they discover they have made a mistake! A horrible mistake! The other day a prominent merchant in a neighboring city was found dead in bed. A post mortem examination revealed the fact that one of his other vital organs was entirely decayed, and yet his physicians had been treating him for heart disease!

Some one has blundered.

For weeks the American public have been waiting the unwelcome tidings of General Grant's death. To-day, the general is up and around and riding out.

People get well often in spite of what their doctors say and do. Why? By will power? No. By faith? No.

They live because outside the medical profession and medical pretense there are effective remedial agencies in nature which, though "unrecognized" by the code, have supreme power over disease, and in thousands of cases win triumphs where the so-called scientific treatment utterly fails.

A prominent ex-cabinet officer is to-day on the very edge of the grave, suffering from an extreme disorder of the liver. His doctors know they cannot cure him. They simply are making dying comfortable.

The agony of death in many cases is read by surrounding friends in screams of pain, in convulsions of nerve, in spasms of torture—the fixed eye, the chilly breath, the dreadful coughing, the bloody sweat—the supreme inflictions of pitiless disease upon a helpless body,—indicate the limitations of "professional skill."

Seven-tenths of the deaths of this country every year are from hepatic and renal disorders, over which physicians have so little power. They will give this, that and the other thing to make dying comfortable, but they know they cannot cure and yet they will not permit the use of remedies "unauthorized" by their code, whether they are allopathic or homeopathic. If the system, as is common at this time of year, has no tone, and one has tired and depressed feelings, the doctor will tell you that the blood needs purifying, but he will not tell you, what he knows to be true, that the blood is impure because the liver and kidneys are not performing their blood-purifying functions.

The failure of the physicians in General Grant's case ought to have an eye-opening effect upon the public. It ought to see the futility of trusting entirely in a profession whose practice is so largely experimental. The test of merit is success and when any agency has won a record proved by the testimony of prominent men and women in all ranks of society, it stands to reason that such a preparation is worthy of universal confidence. Who has not heard of it? Who has not used it? Who can gainsay the statement that it has wrought greater benefit for mankind than anything ever discovered inside the ranks of the medical profession? And yet many physicians who are bound hand and foot to their code will not allow nor will they prescribe the use of Warner's safe cure. Nevertheless, spite of their small-minded bigotry, it multiplies instances of its singular merit by thousands every day, rests satisfied with the record it has won, and challenges comparison with the record of the most reputable physician.

It is a terrible thing to lose our friends, especially if we find out *afterwards* that they might have been saved.

We are glad General Grant is getting well. He deserves to live and in living he will emphasize the fact that physicians do not have a monopoly over disease; that "scientific medicine," so called, is not infallible; that all remedial agencies were not born with doctors and will not die with them.

AT THE RINK.

One more unfortunate,
Trusting the fates,
Rashly importunate,
Tried on the skates.
Pick her up tenderly,
Loosen the straps,
Fashioned so slenderly,
New to mishaps.

O! it was pitiful
That she should flop,
Where a whole city full
Must see her drop.
Pick her up tenderly,
Smooth out her dress,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Made to caress.

Out she struck trustfully,
Skating galore;
Down she came bustfully
On the hard floor.
Pick her up tenderly,
Good and so true!
Fashioned so slenderly,
What could she do?

Bumping inhumanly,
Jolting the men,
She is pure womanly,
Tries it again.
Pick her up tenderly,
What does she care?
Fashioned so tenderly,
Plump and so fair.

—U. N. None.

Humorous.

A one-legged miller is at once miller and hopper.

Man is like a potato—never sure when he will get "into hot water."

When does a woman's tongue go quickest? When it is on the rail.

There are two things in this world nobody is ever prepared for—Twins.

The principal instrument of music in China is the tom-tom. The principal instrument of music in America is the Tom-cat.

"Girls will be girls," says a contemporary. Oh, no! That's a mistake. If girls' wishes are consulted, they will be married women some day.

The telegraph announces that a Buffalo man has been divorced from the wrong woman. That is generally the case. No man wants to be divorced from the right woman.

English tourist: "Why is it, can you tell me, that your American inn-keepers always put pink muslin over their pictures?" American wit: "Very easily explained. The productions of our chromo manufacturers are so exceedingly natural that we are obliged to take some means to prevent the mosquitoes from biting them."

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
Grand Rapids, Mich., April 15, 1885.
Charles E. Belknap, Mayor.

NOTICE.

Sealed proposals will be received at the Mayor's office, in the city of Grand Rapids, Michigan, until the 27th inst., at 7 o'clock, p. m., for the purchase of $135,000 City Hall bonds of said city.

Said bonds are payable July 1st, A. D. 1904, and draw 5 per ct. interest, payable semi-annually on January and July 1st; principal and interest payable at the office of the treasurer of said city.

Bids will be received for the whole or any part of the loan, the money to be paid and bonds delivered June 1st, A. D., 1885, or for the whole amount, payable in such instalments as may from time to time be called for by the Common Council of said city.

No bids will be considered that are below par and accrued interest, and accrued interest must be paid in addition to any premium that may be offered. Parties bidding to pay in instalments, will be required to give bonds satisfactory to the council, that they will comply with the foregoing terms if their bids are accepted.

The council reserves the right to reject all bids.

CHARLES E. BELKNAP,
Mayor.

HUMPHREYS' MANUAL, enlarged and revised edition, 144 pages, bound in cloth and gold. Sent *free* on application to the Company.

The extensive circulation of Humphreys' Homeopathic Manual having rendered it a household possession, has induced the Company to issue a better edition in richer and more attractive form. Not only is it enriched externally, but it has been rendered more complete as a book of reference, which the purchasers of the Specifics will not be slow to recognize.

The portion treating of hygienic topics is well written, admirably arranged, and renders it a thoroughly reliable book for family use.

Its friends, while not slow in recognizing it in its newer and more attractive dress, and while grateful for the information furnished in the old one, will be glad to welcome the new in its better dress.

A handsomely bound copy may be had upon application to the Company, 109 Fulton St., New York.

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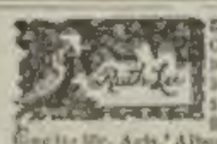

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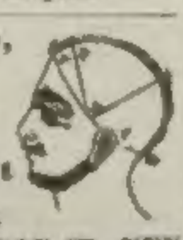

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FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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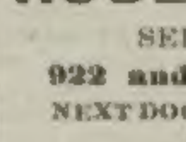

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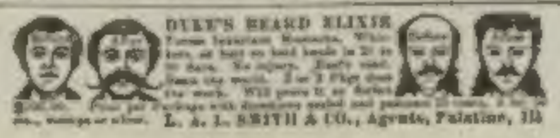

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Spring dresses are either of some plain light woolen fabric, such as cashmere, veiling, and mohair, or else of pretty brocaded fabrics such as muslin-de-laines, crepons and bengaline. The former are made very simply — tailor-fashion for walking-costumes; the latter got up a little more elaborately and frequently combined with some light silk fabric such as surah or taffetas. In the former style we may mention a very tasteful walking-costume for a young lady. It is of almond-colored mohair; the back is made quite plain, falling in a full deeply-pleated width; the front is not joined on to this back except at the waist; it forms a long slightly-draped tablier. The open spaces on each side shows a dark brown cashmere petticoat with a narrow fluting round the foot. The fronts of the bodice remain slightly open to show a vest of the same material as the underskirt, and the neck is finished with a narrow turned-up collar of the same; or the vest and collar may be of silk of the same color of the underskirt, sleeve facings to match. A square *aumoniere* pocket of brown silk or cashmere is often added on the right side of the tablier near the hip.

Light brocaded fabrics are generally made up in more elaborate styles. There is, for instance, a dress of cream-white muslin-de-laine with a pattern of small flowers brocaded in various shades of blue, and blue surah of a medium shade. The under-skirt is of the blue surah; it is trimmed with thirteen narrow-stitched pleats or tucks superposed in circles round the foot. The sprigged muslin-de-laine is pleated into a short drapery across the top of the front, caught up very high on the hips, and falling into a limp puff at the back. This puff is held up by the steel bands run into the upper parts of the under-skirt as previously explained. The bodice of the sprigged material is an open jacket with slanted-off fronts and a round basque; collar and revers of surah, opening over a tight-fitting surah vest fastened straight down the middle with small ball-shaped buttons of silver filagree. The sleeves of the jacket bodice are slightly puffed at the top and finished with long plain facing of surah. This is a very pretty model for a young lady's visiting dress, or for a toilet for a summer *fete*, morning concert, or flower-show. It would be equally pretty in white and pink, or red.

Sprigged muslin-de-laines are also made up more simply with the skirt on in full pleats behind, almost plain in front, and only just a pleated ruching round the foot. The bodice has pleated fronts crossed one over the other, and sleeves puffed at the shoulders and tight at the wrist. The very slight opening left in the crossings is filled in with a white muslin chemisette, finished round the neck with a ruche of tulle or lace. This ruche is held round the neck with a dog's collar of black or colored velvet, fastened at the side with a very small bow with short ends, or else with a jeweled or artistic clasp. A sash of wide gros-grains or more ribbon is folded double and passed around the waist so as to form a point in front; at the back it is tied into long loops and lapels. Sometimes the sash is tied at the side.

The new shade of green is looked upon rather shyly at present. It is somewhat trying, even to young faces, in the daylight, but by night it is soft and becoming. One costume was of chartreuse canvas over a petticoat of alternate striped canvas and velvet in dark and light shades, with a very peculiar coat cut away from the front, showing a long waistcoat of the striped material, revers of beads in shades of dark green and bronze, and open sleeves; the skirt was caught up on one side by loops of velvet, from which hung balls of various sizes in shaded green beads; a beaded bonnet of transparent appearance with velvet strings and a tuft of feathers in two shades. Beads are greatly used on dresses, as well as on mantles and jackets.

Sleeveless jackets of jet beadwork, edged with large cut beads, are worn in the evening for demi-toilette. Some are open in front to show a full shirt of lace. Stocking-ette bodices, for wearing with any skirts, are edged with a cord threaded with gold, and the waistcoat composed of close rows of the same. In black and brown these look very well. They will be worn later on with thin light skirts, without any extra shoulder covering.

Very broad stripes are gaining favor, and they are arranged with plain material in various ways. Some form a skirt in front and flat folds down the centre of the back, with the plain material draped at the sides like long drooping wings, made all in one with the bodice; others have the back breadths of the striped and the rest of plain material, with an under bodice and a short Spanish jacket, trimmed with ball fringe of the former. A few skirts have the stripes placed horizontally. These arrangements are also being carried out in washing materials. Some new materials have five colors in narrow stripes of plush. Broad striped skirting, averaging from two to three inches in the alternate width of color, are being made up for boating and tennis wear, with the new shades of plain or minute striped unshrinkable flannel draped over them. They are mostly plain, full skirts, but a few are plaited. Skirts of plaited white and black sateen are being sold for wearing under polonaises of black for half mourning.

For mourning wear there are beautiful elaborate bead embroideries, in jet and raised white or black velvet, in jet on a gold foundation, and also in black and lead-grey beads. Broad black velvet striped with white satin, tastefully mixed with black velvet, white satin and black lace, combine to form a very attractive toilette. Flounces of shot grey silk, pinked at the edges, are to be seen under draperies of grey canvas or cashmere, profusely braided or beaded.

It is somewhat early to speak about the new parasols of the season, but the *en tout cas*, which does preliminary duty, is already coming out in full force. The shot red and green and dark blue ones are the favorites, with their substantial sticks and handles. All have colored cases, and occasionally these have frills of colored lace, and are put on for travelling. There are some quaint handles, representing cock's heads with red combs, also other bird's heads. Some have the large balls that did duty last year, and a few of these are studded with little onyx and cats-eye knobs. Rough curled twig handles are on others. The silver and gold embossed handles which have been the fashion for umbrellas during the winter, are being adopted to black satin and broche velvet parasols. Parasols of the woolen and grenadine canvas are being introduced, trimmed with yak lace.

White spotted veils are again in vogue, after their disappearance for some time from society. Black and colored tulle, spotted with gold beads and fine gauze, especially gray spotted with chenille, are worn for driving, or on windy days. The new aprons have the gathered bib placed *outside* the waistband, so that, after being gathered there, they fall on to the top of the apron skirt in a frill of some 4 in. to 6 in. deep. Necklets in black and white lace, satin ribbon velvet, and tulle, are worn with low and square-cut bodices. They are about 1 in. wide, and are gathered.

In the new spring fashions there are two distinct styles both of which possess their adherents, and are too altogether different ever to merge into one another. The one proceeds from the past, and refuses to give up its traditions; the other is quite independent, and free from all such control. The first is content with mere modifications of draperies, looped-up tunics and polonaises; it changes and improves without altogether innovating; to it we owe the blouse, or simple polonaise, short at the sides, and forming at the back a draped puff, or else two widths of the material falling quite loose. It is the old school with variations, with less puffing and draping than heretofore, but still with a good deal of both. The second is the new school and absolutely disapproves any kind of looping up. One single skirt, falling loose in soft folds over trimming at the foot, which simulates an under-skirt, is the type it prefers.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Modern innovation and fashionable influences have transformed the love for hoarding into a taste for fine linen and exquisite needle-work. Instead of amassing the trousseau bit by bit, dozen by dozen, long before the future wife is out of the school-room, it is now ordered, when the bridegroom is chosen from a leading house. A few may still be found who stitch away with their own fingers at their own trousseau; but in general, marriages are arranged too precipitately for this to be feasible. An order for a wedding outfit is always a piece of good luck for the storekeeper on whom it falls, may, and on occasion, proves an extraordinary source of profit. One of the first requisites of really beautiful underclothing is that the decoration shall not be overburdensome, and the finer the materials the more delicate must be the embroidery. The pencil of the artist is required to draw the designs for the embroidery executed by the fairy fingers—such as are only to be found in certain provinces of France, Lorraine for the most part; while Valenciennes alone furnished the lace the two being dove-tailed the one into the other by the ingenuity of the Paris workman. Nothing more simple than the shapes—of the chemises particularly, these being cut in two pieces only, with a dart down the back to insure their not increasing the volume at the waist, and without sleeves, band, or hem. The lower edge of the fine cambric garment is festooned for the most part in shell pattern, the point forming the vandyke, narrow and exquisitely fine Valenciennes lace whipped on to the curved edge at the back of the festoon accentuates the shell-shape appearance. Around the top and armholes the festoons are far smaller and less obtrusive, and form a portion, as it were, of the decoration—be this embroidery alone or embroidery mixed with lace. The strap over the shoulder measures at most an inch and a half, and is covered with ornament. Some twelve of these chemises are decorated with a garland of work in relief—wild roses, forget-me-nots, daisies, or other simple flower with foliage and curved stalks—growing wider over the bosom, where the blossoms twine around an elongated monogram, passing through a princess's coronet. Others are embroidered in short perpendicular stripes, every alternate band of cambric being cut away, and a bit of Valenciennes insertion let in its place; while others again have a plastron of upright bands of insertion, with application on the seams of embroidered beading.

The same style of decoration is applied to the bride's nightdresses, the whole plastron being covered with delicate tracery, or made up of bands of embroidery alternating with insertion, or insertion divided by beading. Frills of lace or work stand up around the throat and fall over the wrists, the lace being, without exception, the finest Valenciennes—not only sprigs strewn on fine meshes, such as one always associates with this sort of lace, but also designs like that of guipure, as they might appear seen through the wrong end of an opera glass.

Lace handkerchiefs are seldom worn now, except for quite full dress, and the majority of these included in this, as well as other fashionable trousseaux, are in embroidered *linon*, with or without an outside frill of inch-wide Valenciennes. When addition is made of this frill, the edge is festooned, when omitted, it is hemmed. All sorts of geometric patterns, made by drawing threads, are in favor for the hem itself or as a border to the square of single cambric. Vandyked insertion may also be let in between the latter and the hem, the join being hidden by delicate needlework. Garlands of embroidery decorate the plain hem, while the festoons are most varied in form but always framed in the soft frou-frou of gathered Valenciennes. Such handkerchiefs as these are all white, of course; but for day wear an admixture of color, either in the cambric itself or the embroidery is permitted. Some are made of palest pink, flax-blue, lilac, and ecru *linon*, and hemmed white, and for such the Christian name writ in color is a fanciful addition, pretty enough, and by no means difficult of accomplishment for an expert needlewoman.

The list of useful and inexpensive presents for gentlemen is so circumscribed that every additional suggestion is worthy of note. Bedroom slippers made entirely of natural-tinted chamois leather are peculiarly useful for traveling, as they take next to not room in the bag. These may be transformed with a little trouble into pretty and acceptable gifts. The first thing to be done is to work round the top a double row of thorn-stitch in double floss silk. Then the monogram may be embroidered in the same or another color on the toe; and if this amount of decoration is deemed insufficient, small stars or flowerets may be strewn on the entire surface, great care being taken to measure out the distances and mark them with the prick of a pin. It is best to proceed in the same way for the herringbone or thorn-stitch, as it is much more difficult to work the stitches regular on leather than any other material, and the curve of the shoe has to be allowed for.

Amateur artists here now exercise their talents in painting lamp and candle shades, and there is one great advantage over fan and screen painting, that they cost very little to make up. The paper, cut into shape and properly prepared, is to be procured at several of the fancy shops, and when the painting is finished the paper is plaited and joined. I have seen Louis XV. medallion portraits executed in water colors to great perfection on these shades, the medallions being framed in floral devices or upheld by cupids in the style of the period. A small garland of tiny flowers and leaves surrounds the top and bottom edges, and a fine silk cord is inserted in the former to draw the shade up to the requisite size. There are other novelties in lamp shades as well. The fingers not only make them up in muslin and lace with ribbon bows, and in art cretonnes edged with tinted guipure, but also in colored *linon*, large bouillonnes around the top and bottom, and a large bunch of artificial flowers on one side; and, again, in net woven with small designs in gold and silver filagree, or strewn with pearls. Whether in lace, *linon* or net, the shade is lined with colored Florence. All these shades are made up at home far cheaper than they can be bought—an important consideration, since every lamp and candle throughout the modern French household, be they in salon, dining-room, bed-room, or boudoir, have the brilliance of their light tempered to delicate modern eyes by some such fanciful means as these.

He who is open without levity, generous without waste, secret without craft, humble without meanness, bold without insolence, cautious without anxiety, regular yet not formal, mild yet not timid, firm yet not tyrannical, passes the ordeal of honor, friendship, virtue.

Confidential Correspondents.

L. D.—It is probably not true.

E. J. F.—We see no reason why the young lady will not accept your offer.

READER.—Renaissance is a term applied to the revival of the classic style of art in the 15th and 16th centuries, under the patronage of the Medici and others.

V. V.—A red nose is not always an indication of free living, or even of indulgence in fermented drink: it is very frequently associated with indigestion.

LILY N.—The editor of the *New York Sun* is probably best qualified to tell you where you would be likely to find the poem. Write a note to him asking the information, and inclosing stamp for answer.

M. A. T.—If a man believes that a woman, although neither accomplished no is such an elevated position as himself, will make a good wife, and he has the means of supporting her, we cannot see any barrier to a happy union.

P. L.—Jeremy Diddler is a character in Kenny's farce of "Raising the Wind," where he is represented as a needy and seedy individual, always contriving by his songs, bon-mots, or other expedients, to borrow money or obtain credit.

EVA.—If you hold the neck of the decanter before the fire for a short time, turning it so that it may warm equally all round, you may be able to remove the stopper without trouble; or you can produce the same effect by putting a piece of silk ribbon round the neck, so that by pulling the ends alternately and quickly towards you, you get heat by friction. If the stopper is fixed by glutinous matter, soak the neck in warm water for a few minutes.

ANCHOR.—If the lady is nearly eleven years your senior you should think, not once or twice, but many times, before proposing to her. It cannot be said that happiness in such a case would be impossible; but the probabilities would be very strongly against it. You may think you are old enough to be able to know your own mind thoroughly; but there are many things we do at twenty-five which at thirty we question, and at forty regard as absolute folly.

GRACE.—Look well into your own conduct towards your husband; ask yourself anxiously and solemnly whether your own behavior is ever aggravating; and answer yourself candidly and honestly. If you discover any little causes of irritation in your conduct, strive to subdue them; but if not, then study the weak points in his disposition, and endeavor to anticipate his wants and wishes, so that he shall have no room for picking a quarrel. If he continues querulous, when under the influence of such softening sympathies as these, he must be looked upon as thoroughly bad-hearted.

A TIMID LOVER.—The simplest possible form of question in such cases is the best. "Will you let me escort you home?" or "May I accompany you home?" will answer. Or if you dare venture upon such a flight of rhetoric, you may say, "May I have the honor of escorting you home, Miss Blank?" (or whatever her name may be.) Or you may say, "Will you permit me to see you home?" Or you may adopt the course which a certain deaf and dumb beau always pursued—to wit, offer your arm, with a bow and a smile, and say nothing.

B. B.—Notwithstanding the seeming inequality in the distribution of light and darkness, it is certain that throughout the whole world there is nearly an equal proportion of light diffused on every part, abstracting from what is absorbed by clouds, vapors, and the atmosphere itself. The equatorial regions have indeed the most intense light during the day, but the nights are long and dark; while, on the other hand, in the northerly and southerly parts, though the sun shines less powerfully, yet the length of time that he appears above the horizon, with the greater duration of the twilight, compensates for the seeming deficiency.

WAITING.—Again we must say, if your sister has not the wit to fight her own battles in life, there is not only no obligation to help her, but you will be meddling unadvisedly if you try to do so. She must be a very poor creature if she cannot let her feelings be known. We could not, for the sake of the man upon whom you desire to impose her with all her weak-mindedness, suggest any way of accomplishing the object you have in view, even if we knew any. If they are suitable, they will come together. Leave them alone. It is not your duty to interfere. Tell her so plainly.

J. F. BALDERN.—There is no reason whatever to believe that a house once having been struck by lightning would be more likely to be struck again than a house that had not been struck. On the probability of chance, the reverse is the more likely. The single tall tree twenty yards from the house would, to some extent, prevent it. Lightning-conductors on adjacent houses would also protect, if sufficiently near: if not, their influence either way would be nil. The course in a storm is to leave things alone; the position of windows, fire-irons, doors, etc., is absolutely indifferent. Coolness and pluck alone are of use.

JONAH.—No; we do not believe you are like the person whose name you adopt. Your "sense of unworthiness, as you are pleased to call it, is really a form of vanity. The idea of your petty misdeeds being enough to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on a whole community! This is what the notion amounts to. Do not for a moment suppose that you are sufficiently important to render your ill-temper and selfishness worthy of a thunderbolt. There is no very foolish exaggerated estimate of self at the bottom of this. We have no patience to argue with you seriously. Up and be doing, man! The plan of a great campaign is not altered simply to punish the cowardice of an insignificant private.

DELIA S.—The name Lyman has no particular meaning that we know of, but reasoning from the origin of similar names, we would say it was primarily the name of one engaged in the soap or lye business, Lyman or Lye-man being a family or surname coming from one's pursuit, like Chandler from a dealer in candles, Webster from a weaver or Brewster from a brewer. 2 Delia has no meaning in itself, being simply a Greek word referring to the Island of Delos in the Mediterranean Sea. This Island was famous as a resort of the Goddess Diana. 3 We cannot tell the character by handwriting: we can only guess. We would suppose from yours that you are about sixteen years of age, and of a somewhat dreamy, slow disposition; gentle in your manners and not very averse to having plenty leisure time. You would like to lead in many things but hate to make an extra effort to succeed in them. Are we correct?